

THE REVISED
MODERN INDIA
READERS

BOOK FOUR

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PREFACE FOR TEACHERS

THIS revision of the Fourth Book is made in answer to criticisms received as to the difficulties of subject-matter and language. It may be well therefore to analyse shortly the changes that have been made.

First certain of the harder lessons have been transferred to Book Five from which, by way of exchange, five pieces of easy narrative have been introduced. Next, the three lessons on the British Empire have been omitted—not because they were considered unnecessary, but because the subject can be better treated in the Geography or History classes—whereas the point of an English lesson is the teaching of the *Language*. Thirdly, the diction has been simplified so as to come into line with current standard and idiomatic English. Two “poetry” lessons have been dropped, because the verse appeared to be difficult and hardly modern.

What may, perhaps, appear a more considerable change is the omitting of Teachers’ notes and of Grammar. It is commonly accepted that in the school course, at some point a definite break occurs, when English is used entirely or almost entirely, as the medium of instruction. It has been suggested that at this point the teaching of the English Language should be made less intensive, and that the pupils should do much more reading for themselves. In the teaching of any language there comes a time when Grammar teaching (whether of accident or of syntax) ceases to be required, and the Grammar Book

is used (like the Dictionary) by the individual pupil, *for reference*

Another reason for this break is the expressed desire for more independence on the part of the teacher. In this book and in Book Five what is done is not so much to suggest a method of teaching as to lay down a course, along which the class may be directed by any method which the teacher finds best.

At the same time, for the guidance of teachers a few suggestions may not be out of place. A good method will be to give the class the gist of a lesson or story before they actually read it. Alternatively, the pupils may be told to make a summary of a passage after they have read it. The pictures should, of course, be used for composition purposes, especially when a story is told from a new point of view, or in the words of a new speaker. It is again recommended that lists of correlated and cognate words be taught, but here the teacher can best be left to his own devices.

At this point in the course special attention should be given to Composition, *i e* to arrangement, paragraphing, etc. Hence Lessons 9 and 13 (in the original series 10 and 35) have been retained in their entirety.

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LESSON 1

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

If you look at the picture on page 9 you will see four boys standing on a piece of rising ground, and looking at something which interests them very much. Who are they, and what are they doing? Are they soldiers? They look like soldiers, for they are all dressed alike and wear a kind of uniform, and not the clothes which boys usually wear. It is clear that they are doing some kind of work, they are armed with staffs and they obey the commands of a leader, a taller and older boy whom you can see standing on the right of the picture.

These boys, however, are not soldiers. They are not old enough to be soldiers, but they are something very like soldiers. For a body of soldiers is called an Army, and these boys belong to a body, not of men, but of boys, and, just as there are Armies and Troops and Companies and Platoons and Squadrons of soldiers, so we can have Troops and Companies of boys. And the boys whom we see here belong to a body of Scouts, they are part of a Scout-Troop, and are themselves called Boy-Scouts. Like soldiers, they have their own special work to do, their own special drill, and their own rules which they must obey.

In an Army, Scouts are men who are sent forward to survey the country, make plans and maps, and thus prepare for the advance of the whole body of troops.

The boys in the picture are carefully examining the ground which lies before them, and are looking towards some spot to which their leader is pointing. Probably they will make a map of what they have seen. Perhaps they may be signalling to another body of Scouts on another hill. This they will do by means of mirrors which they will flash in the sun, using the Morse Code, about which you have already read in an earlier lesson. Other things which Boy Scouts learn to perform are tracking and stalking, noting the movements of people and of animals, and camping-out. All these things are part of the duties of a soldier. But Boy Scouts do the duties of soldiers, without fighting, for Scouts must not do harm, but good.

In another way Boy Scouts are like soldiers. They are formed into bodies, some large and some small, and all under the command of officers and leaders. The smallest body or "unit" is called a Patrol, and consists of six or eight boys under a boy leader. Several of these Patrols go to form a Troop, which is controlled by a man, a Scoutmaster, and his assistants.

Perhaps you will ask, "Why do Scouts do all these things? Are they paid to do them, as soldiers are paid?" To answer your question, I will ask you another question—it is this. How do you employ your spare time? When your work in class is finished, and when you have prepared your lessons, how do you spend the remaining hours of the day? On Saturdays you probably have a half-holiday and the whole of Sunday is your own. In what way do you enjoy this long leisure?

Some boys are wise, and play cricket or football, but unfortunately others do not take healthy exercise. They waste their time in their homes, eat too much rich food,

and often find pleasure in unhealthy society. Now the Boy Scout Movement has been designed partly to teach boys how to use their spare time to the best advantage. Its founder was a famous English soldier, Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, who knew a great deal about young men,



and who understood the art of training young men for the British Army. He thought it would be a good thing for the British Empire, if the boys in England and the Colonies were trained to make the best use of their leisure time, and to acquire useful and interesting accomplishments. So valuable was this idea, that it has spread

throughout the whole Empire including India, and to other nations as well To-day the Scout organisation is one of the best kinds of training that the world has ever known Let us, therefore, learn something about this great institution, and see if we cannot make use of it in our own lives

The boy who becomes a Scout must make up his mind to undertake certain duties He takes a vow to keep the Scout Law Now this law is a serious thing which will help him to regulate his whole life along the path of duty, manliness and honour In all there are ten laws The Scout promises (1) to uphold his honour, (2) to be loyal to his King, parents and employers, (3) to be of use to others, (4) to act as a friend to other Scouts, (5) to be courteous, (6) to show kindness to animals, (7) to be obedient, (8) to be cheerful under hardship, (9) to be thrifty, and, lastly, to keep his life pure in thought or in deed. Are not these noble and helpful rules of life ? They do not belong to any one race or religion, but they are part of the best thought of all the world's greatest teachers It is a noble thing that thousands and thousands of boys throughout the world should be enrolled in a body that is pledged to uphold these laws

Now the vows of a Scout are only the beginning of his career His life is meant to be one of use to himself and to other people , and for this reason he has very many things to learn Scouting is not in itself a profession or trade It is more like a hobby or pastime which employs to advantage one's leisure hours

Let us, therefore, think of the many things a boy can learn out of school, in the fresh air and when he is really at play He cannot easily learn these things when he is alone , but if he is one of a company or troop, he can

watch other boys, learn from them, and from his leader or officer. Have you ever tried to find your direction when you were far from home ? Perhaps you have been on a wide plain or on a broad river, and in great need of knowing where the North and the South or the East and the West lay. The Scout learns all about direction, and he is taught to use a compass, and to read and make a map. He becomes an intelligent boy, to whom the surrounding country is quite familiar. He discovers all about his district or sub-division, and in what direction the rivers that are near his home are flowing. This is all useful knowledge that may be employed in many spheres of life.

In addition to this he learns how to act in case of accident. If he sees a boy drowning or a house on fire, he is able to give quick assistance. In everyday life, accidents are always happening. We may fall and bruise a limb, or cut our fingers, or sprain an ankle, and we may even be bitten by a snake. To give what is called "First Aid" in all such accidents is part of a Boy Scout's training. Swimming is an art which many Indian boys learn when they are little children. To swim effectively, and to save another person from death by drowning, is one of the Scout's many duties. He has others. He can cook his food, row a boat, make serviceable knots in rope and string, pitch a camp, walk long distances ; and, in the open country, he is taught some of the wonders of nature. He understands trees, shrubs, flowers and herbs, and the birds and the beasts are his friends. A good Scout learns and loves the world in which he lives, and learns to help his fellow-man.

LESSON 2

THE STORY OF THE FISH PRINCE (I)

ONCE upon a time there lived a Rajah and a Rani who had no children. They had long wished and prayed that the gods would send them a son, but their prayers had not been granted

One day a number of fish were brought into the royal kitchen to be cooked for the Rajah's dinner, and amongst them was one little fish that was not dead, but all the rest were dead. One of the palace maid-servants, seeing this, took the little fish and put him in a basin of water. Shortly afterwards the Rani saw him, and thinking him very pretty, kept him as a pet. Because she had no children she gave all her love to the fish, and loved him as a son, and the people called him Machli-Rajah (the Fish Prince). In a little while Machli-Rajah had grown too long to live in the small basin, so they put him into a big tub. In time, however, Machli-Rajah became too large for even the big tub to hold him, so the Rani had a tank made for him in which he lived very happily, and twice a day she fed him with boiled rice. Now, though the people fancied Machli-Rajah was only a fish, this was not the case. He was, in truth, a young Rajah who had angered the gods, and been turned into a fish and thrown into the river as a punishment.

One morning, when the Rani brought him his daily meal of boiled rice, Machli-Rajah called out to her and said, "Lady Queen, Lady Queen, I am so lonely here all by myself. Cannot you get me a wife?" The Rani promised to try, and sent messengers to all the people she

knew to ask if they would allow one of their children to marry her son the Fish Prince. But they all answered, "We cannot give one of our dear little daughters to be devoured by a great fish, even though he is the Machli-Rajah, and so high in Your Majesty's favour." On hearing this, the Rani did not know what to do. She was so foolishly fond of Machli-Rajah, however, that she resolved to get him a wife at any cost. Again she sent out messengers, but this time she gave them a great bag containing a lakh of gold mohurs and said to them, "Go into every land until you find a wife for my Machli-Rajah, and whoever will give you a child to be the Machli-Rani to that person you shall give this bag of gold mohurs."

The messengers started on their search, but for some time they were unsuccessful, not even the beggars were to be tempted to sell their children, fearing the great fish would devour them. At last one day the messengers came to a village where there lived a Fakir who had lost his first wife and married again. His first wife had had one little daughter, and his second wife also had a daughter. As it happened, the Fakir's second wife hated her little step-daughter, always gave her the hardest work to do, and the least food to eat, and tried by every means in her power to get her out of the way, in order that the child might not rival her own daughter. When she heard of the errand on which the messengers had come, she sent for them when the Fakir was out, and said to them, "Give me the bag of goldmohurs and you shall take my little daughter to marry the Machli-Rajah." She thought to herself, "The great fish will certainly eat the girl, and she will thus trouble us no more." Then, turning to her step-daughter, she said,

“Go down to the river and wash your sari, that you may be fit to go with these people, who will take you to the Rani’s court ”

At these words the poor girl went down to the river very sorrowful, for she saw no hope of escape, as her father was from home. As she knelt by the riverside, washing her sari and crying bitterly, some of her tears fell into the hole of an old Seven-headed Cobra who lived in the river bank. This Cobra was a very wise animal, and seeing the maiden, he put his head out of his hole and said to her, “Little girl, why do you cry ? ” “Oh, sir,” she answered, “I am very unhappy, for my father is away from home, and my step-mother has sold me to the Rani’s people to be the wife of the Machli-Rajah, that great fish, and I know he will eat me up ” “Do not be afraid, my daughter,” said the Cobra, “but take with you these three stones and tie them up in the corner of your sari ”, and so saying he gave her three little round pebbles. “The Machli-Rajah, whose wife you are to be, is not really a fish, but a Rajah who has been enchanted. Your home will be a little room which the Rani has had built in the tank wall. When you are taken there, wait, and be sure you don’t go to sleep, or the Machli-Rajah will certainly come and eat you up. But as you hear him rushing through the water, be prepared, and as soon as you see him throw this first stone at him, he will then sink to the bottom of the tank. The second time he comes, throw the second stone, when the same thing will happen. The third time he comes, throw this third stone, and he will immediately resume his human shape ” So saying, the old Cobra dived down again into his hole. The Fakir’s daughter took the stones, and determined to do as the Cobra had told



And cried, " No fear shall vex thee here
Rest, pretty egg-born, rest !

" Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
With golden harvests gay,



But all that's mine will I resign,
Ere I my guest betray "
But, panting for his half-won spoil,
The hawk was close behind,
And with wild eye and eager cry
Came swooping down the wind

" This bird," he cried, " my destined prize
'Tis not for thee to shield

'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
O'er hill and dale and field
Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
And I am faint with toil,
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
Who claims his rightful spoil.

"They say thou art a glorious king,
And justice is thy care."

Then justly reign in thy domain,
Nor rob the birds of air."

Then cried the king "A goat or deer
For thee shall straightway bleed,
Or let a ram or tender lamb
Be slain, for thee to feed

"Mine oath forbids me to betray
My little twice-born guest
See, how she clings with trembling wings,
To her protector's breast"

"No flesh of lambs," the hawk replied,
"No blood of deer for me,
The falcon loves to feed on doves,
And such is Heaven's decree

"But if affliction for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird"
He carved the flesh from off his side,
And threw it in the scale,
While women's cries smote on the skies
With loud lament and wail

He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
From chest and back and thigh,

But still above the little dove
The monarch's scale stood high
He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,
With sinews, blood and skin,
And when alone was left him bone
He threw himself therein

Then thundered voices through the air ;
The sky grew black as night ,
And fever took the earth that shook
To see that wondrous sight
The blessed gods, from every sphere,
By Indra led, came nigh
While drum and flute and shell and lute
Made music in the sky

They rained immortal chaplets down,
Which hands celestial twine,
And softly shed upon his head
Pure Amrit, drink divine
Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph
Their heavenly voices raised,
And a glad throng with dance and song
The glorious monarch praised

Then set him on a golden car
That blazed with many a gem ,
Then swiftly through the air they flew,
And bore him home with them
Thus Kasi's lord, by noble deed,
Won Heaven and deathless fame ,
And when the weak protection seek
From thee, do thou the same.

LESSON 4

THE STORY OF THE FISH PRINCE (II)

There they lived very happily for some time. The Machh-Rani's step-mother, hearing what had happened, came often to see her step-daughter, and pretended to be delighted at her good fortune. The young Rani was so good that she quite forgave all her step-mother's former cruelty, and always received her very kindly. At last one day, the Machh-Rani said to her husband, "It is a long time since I saw my father. If you will give me leave, I should much like to visit my native village and see him again." "Very well," he replied, "you may go. But do not stay away long, for there can be no happiness for me till you return." So she went, and her father was delighted to see her, but her step-mother, though she pretended to be very kind, was, in reality, only glad to think she had got the Rani into her power, and determined, if possible, never to allow her to return to the palace again. One day, therefore, she said to her own daughter, "It is hard that your step-sister should have become Rani of all the land, instead of being eaten up by the great fish, while we gained no more than a lakh of gold mohurs. Do now as I bid you, that you may become Rani in her stead." She then went on to instruct her to invite the Rani down to the river bank, and there beg her to let her try on her jewels, and, whilst putting them on, give her a push and drown her in the river.

The girl consented, and standing by the river bank said to her step-sister, "Sister, may I try on your jewels? How

pretty they are!" "Yes," said the Rani, "and we shall be able to see in the river how they look" So, undoing her necklaces, she clasped them round the other's neck. Whilst she was doing so, her step-sister gave her a push, and she fell backwards into the water. The girl watched to see that the body did not rise, and then running back, said to her mother, "Mother, here are all the jewels, and she will trouble us no more" But it happened that just when her step-sister pushed the Rani into the river, her old friend the Seven-headed Cobra chanced to be swimming across it and seeing the little Rani about to be drowned, he carried her on his back until he reached his hole, into which he took her safely. Now this hole, in which the Cobra and his wife and all his little ones lived, had two entrances—the one under water, and leading to the river, and the other above water, leading out into the open fields. To this upper end of his hole, the Cobra took Machli-Rani, and there he and his wife took care of her. Meanwhile, the wicked Fakir's wife, having dressed up her own daughter in all the Rani's jewels, took her to the palace, and said to the Machli-Rajah, "See, I have brought back your wife, my dear daughter, safe and well" The Rajah looked at her, and thought, "This does not look like my wife" However, the room was dark, and the girl was cleverly disguised, and he thought he might be mistaken. Next day he said again, "My wife must be sadly changed, or this cannot be she, for she was always bright and cheerful. She had pretty loving ways and merry words, while this woman never opens her lips" Still, he did not like to seem to mistrust his wife, and comforted himself by saying, "Perhaps she is tired with the long journey" On the third day, however, he could bear

the uncertainty no longer, and tearing off her jewels saw, not the face of his own little wife, but another woman. Then he was very angry, and turned her out of doors, saying "Begone since you are but the wretched tool of others, I spare your life." But of the Fakir's wife he said to his guards, "Fetch that woman here instantly; for unless she can tell me where my wife is, I will have her hanged." It chanced, however, that the Fakir's wife had heard of the Machli-Rajah having turned her daughter out of doors, so, fearing his anger, she hid herself, and was not to be found.

Meanwhile, the Machli-Rani, not knowing how to get home, continued to live in the great Seven-headed Cobra's hole, and he and his wife and all his family were very kind to her, and loved her as if she had been one of them. There her little son was born, and she called him Machli-Lal, after the Machli-Rajah, his father. Machli-Lal was a lovely child, merry and brave, and his playmates all day long were the young Cobras. When he was about three years old, a Bangle-seller came by that way, and the Rani bought some bangles from him and put them on her boy's wrists and ankles. Next day, in playing, he had broken them all. Then, seeing the Bangle-seller, the Rani called him again and bought some more, and so on every day, until the Bangle-seller got quite rich from selling so many bangles for Machli-Lal. The Cobra's hole was full of treasure, and he gave the Machli-Rani as much money to spend every day as she liked. There was nothing she wished for he did not give her, but he would not let her try to get home to her husband, which she wished more than all. When she asked him he would say, "No, I will not let you go. If your husband comes here and fetches you, it is well;

but I will not allow you to wander in search of him through the land alone ”

All this time the poor Machli-Rajah was hunting in every part of the country for his wife, but he could learn no tidings of her. Then, when he had long inquired of all the people in her native village about her, he one day met a Bangle-seller, and said to him, “ Whence do you come ? ” The Bangle-seller answered, “ I have just been selling bangles to some people who live in a Cobra’s hole in the river bank ” “ People ! What people ? ” asked the Rajah. “ Why,” answered the Bangle-seller, “ a woman and a child—the child is the most beautiful I ever saw. He is about three years old, and, of course, running about, is always breaking his bangles, and his mother buys him new ones every day ” “ Do you know what the child’s name is ? ” said the Rajah. “ Yes,” answered the Bangle-seller carelessly, “ for the lady always calls him her Machli-Lal ” “ Ah,” thought the Machli-Rajah, “ this must be my wife ” Then he said to him again, “ Good Bangle-seller, I would see these strange people of whom you speak, cannot you take me there ? ” “ Not to-night,” replied the Bangle-seller, “ daylight has gone, and we should only frighten them, but I shall be going there again to-morrow, and then you may come too. Meanwhile, come and rest at my house for the night, for you look faint and weary ” The Rajah consented. Next morning, however, very early, he woke the Bangle-seller, saying, “ Pray let us go now and see the people you spoke about yesterday ” “ Stay,” said the Bangle-seller, “ it is much too early. I never go till after breakfast ” So the Rajah had to wait till the Bangle-seller was ready to go. At last they started off, and when they reached the Cobra’s hole, the first



thing the Rajah saw was a fine little boy playing with the young Cobras

As the Bangle-seller came along, jingling his bangles,

but I will not allow you to wait through the land alone "

All this time the poor Machli- every part of the country for his wife. He had no tidings of her. Then, when he was passing all the people in her native village, he met a Bangle-seller, and said to him, "Where has she come ? " The Bangle-seller answered, "I have been selling bangles to some people at a hole in the river bank " "People have asked the Rajah " "Why," answered the Rajah, "a woman and a child—the child is the one I ever saw. He is about three years old, running about, is always breaking his bangles. His mother buys him new ones every day. What is the child's name ? " said the Rajah. The Bangle-seller carelessly answered, "He always calls him her Machli-Lal " "Machli-Rajah," said the Rajah, "this must be my wife's child. Let me see him to him again, " Good Bangle-seller, I will go to see the strange people of whom you speak, " said the Rajah. "Come with me there ? " "Not to-night," replied the Bangle-seller. "daylight has gone, and we should only go to-morrow, but I shall be going there again to-morrow. You may come too. Meanwhile, come and see me for the night, for you look faint and wearied. " The Rajah consented. Next morning, however, he woke the Bangle-seller, saying, " Pray let me see the people you spoke about yesterday. " said the Bangle-seller, "it is much too early to go till after breakfast " So the Rajah left him. The Bangle-seller was ready to go. At last they set off, and when they reached the Cobra's

Ceylon the Malay States and British Borneo are all rich and beautiful places. There are also certain islands and seaports in Asia that are very useful. These are Aden, the Andaman Islands and Hong Kong. Look at these places on our map. The population of the empire in Asia is enormous. It is nearly 321,000,000—three hundred and twenty-four millions.

In Africa, again, the Emperor has much land, but this land does not support so large a population as Asia. The subjects of the Emperor in Africa number in all about 36,500,000, or thirty-six and a half millions. They inhabit different portions of this vast continent. There is the Union of South Africa. On the east are Kenya Colony and Somaliland, and on the west are Nigeria, and the Gold Coast. In the north is the ancient land of Egypt which has been under British influence since 1883. It is important to India because of the great trade route, the Suez Canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. Since the 28th of February, 1922, Egypt has been an independent sovereign-state, with a king of its own.

America, both north and south, is a large continent. At one time nearly the whole of North America belonged to Britain. In the year 1783, after a terrible war, the United States of America separated from England, and to-day Britain owns only Canada. This, however, is a great and wealthy dominion. In the West Indies and South America there are many islands and smaller possessions. Of these the most important are the Bermudas, the Bahamas, the Barbados, Jamaica, and British Guiana. The population of all these American possessions is nearly 10,000,000.

Australasia is a beautiful and useful word. It means

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“ that which belongs to the regions of the south ” Now look to the south of our map, and you will see many continents and islands Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and many islands in the Pacific Ocean are all part of the empire Their population is about seven millions This is not a large figure when contrasted with that of Asia or Africa, but these possessions in Australasia are very useful to the empire, as you will read later on

Now what is the centre of this vast region ? The centre is England Look at Europe on our map, and to the north you will see a small group of islands Here is England with its capital called London England is not a big country India, our own land, is fourteen times larger than England The English in England number about 45,000,000 Their country is densely populated, and it is very rich in coal, iron, and in all kinds of manufactures Not only so, but if you look carefully at the map, you will see that London is at the very centre of the modern world. From London great sea routes may be traced to every part of the earth, and to London come the people of all nations to trade Here lives our King-Emperor whose chief officer in India is the Viceroy The capital of the Viceroy is Delhi The capital of the whole British Empire is London Of this empire the greatest part is India

Later you will read of the history and the government of the British Empire Meanwhile it is useful to carry the map of the world in your head, and to know at once where the Motherland is situated, and how India compares in size with the other portions of the King-Emperor's great Dominions We must think of all these things with special care and pride on *Empire Day* This is a day of celebration held on the 24th of May, when the

King-Emperor sends messages of goodwill to his people, and when all the boys and girls of the Empire have holiday. It is also a day of great memories. On this day, the 24th of May in the year 1819, Queen Victoria was born. For this reason it was first called Victoria Day in 1902, but in 1901 it was thought best to call it Empire Day. On this anniversary we must think of the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors in the Great War, and of the efforts of our statesmen to bring peace and prosperity to the dominions of the King-Emperor.

LESSON 6

THE VALIANT CHATTI-MAKER (I)

ONCE upon a time, in a violent storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, a tiger crept for shelter close to the wall of an old woman's hut. This old woman was very poor, and her hut was but a tumble-down place, through the roof of which the rain came drip, drip, drip, on more sides than one. This troubled her much, and she went running about from side to side, dragging first one thing and then another, out of the way of the leaky places in the roof, and as she did so, she kept saying to herself, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! how tiresome this is, I'm sure the roof will come down! If an elephant, or a lion, or a tiger were to walk in he wouldn't frighten me half as much as this perpetual dripping." And then she would begin dragging the bed and all the other things in the room about again, to get them out of the way of the wet. The tiger, who was crouching down just outside, heard all that she said, and thought to himself, "This old woman says she would not be afraid of an elephant or a lion or a tiger, but that this perpetual dripping frightens her more than all. What can this 'perpetual dripping' be? It must be something very dreadful." And, hearing her immediately afterwards dragging all the things about the room again, he said to himself, "What a terrible noise! Surely that must be the 'perpetual dripping'."

At this moment a chatti-maker, who was in search of his donkey, which had strayed away, came down the road. The night being very cold, he had taken a little more

totdy than was good for him, and seeing, by the light of a flash of lightning, a large animal lying down close to the old woman's hut he mistook it for the donkey he was looking for. So, running up to the tiger, he seized hold of it by one ear and commenced beating, kicking, and abusing it with all his might and main. "You wretched creature," he cried, "is this the way you serve me, obliging me to come out and look for you in such pouring rain, and on such a dark night as this? Get up instantly, or I'll break every bone in your body." In this way he went on scolding and thumping the tiger with all his might for he had worked himself up into a terrible rage. The tiger did not know what to make of it all but he began to feel quite frightened and said to himself "Why, this must be the 'perpetual dripping', no wonder the old woman said she was more afraid of it than of an elephant, a lion or a tiger, for it gives most dreadful hard blows."

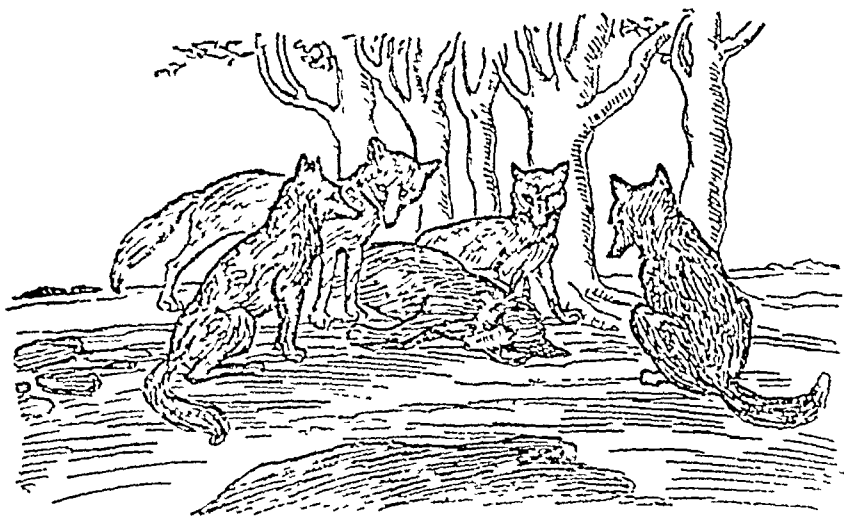
The chatti-maker having made the tiger get up, got on his back, and forced him to carry him home, kicking and beating him the whole way. All this time he fancied he was on his donkey and then he tied his fore-feet and his head firmly together and fastened him to a post in front of his house, and when he had done this he went to bed. Next morning, when the chatti-maker's wife got up and looked out of the window, what did she see but a great tiger tied up in front of their house, to the post to which they usually fastened the donkey! She was very much surprised, and running to her husband, awoke him, saying, "Do you know what animal you fetched home last night?" "Yes, the donkey, to be sure," he answered. "Come and see," said she, and she showed him the great tiger tied to the post. The chatti-

for all his generals, and inquired of them which would be willing to take command of his forces and oppose the enemy ? They all replied that the country was so ill-prepared, and the case was apparently so hopeless, that they would rather not take the responsibility of the chief command. The Rajah did not know whom to appoint in their stead. Then some of his people said to him, " You have lately given the command of ten thousand horse to the valiant chatti-maker who caught the tiger, why not make him Commander-in-Chief ? A man who can catch a tiger and tie him to a post must surely be more courageous and clever than most." " Very well," said the Rajah, " I will make him Commander-in-Chief." So he sent for the chatti-maker and said to him " In your hands I place all the power of the kingdom. You must put our enemies to flight for us." " So be it," answered the chatti-maker, " but, before I lead the army against the enemy, allow me to go by myself and examine their position, and, if possible, find out their numbers and strength."

LESSON 7

THE DYING FOX

A fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak sick and faint, expiring lay
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw



His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone
" Ah, sons, from evil ways depart
My crimes lie heavy on my heart !
See, see, the murder'd geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys here ?

Why all around this cackling train ?
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain ?
The hungry foxes round them stared,
And for the promised feast prepar'd
“ Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here
These are the phantoms of your brain ,
And your sons lick their lips in vain ”
“ O, gluttons,” says the drooping sire,
“ Restrain inordinate desire
Your knavish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power
And never feel the quiet hour
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ,
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem ”
“ The counsel’s good,” a son replies,
“ Could we perform what you advise
Think what our ancestors have done ,
A line of thieves from son to son
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, in deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas’d,
We shall be thought to share the feast
The change shall never be believ’d ,

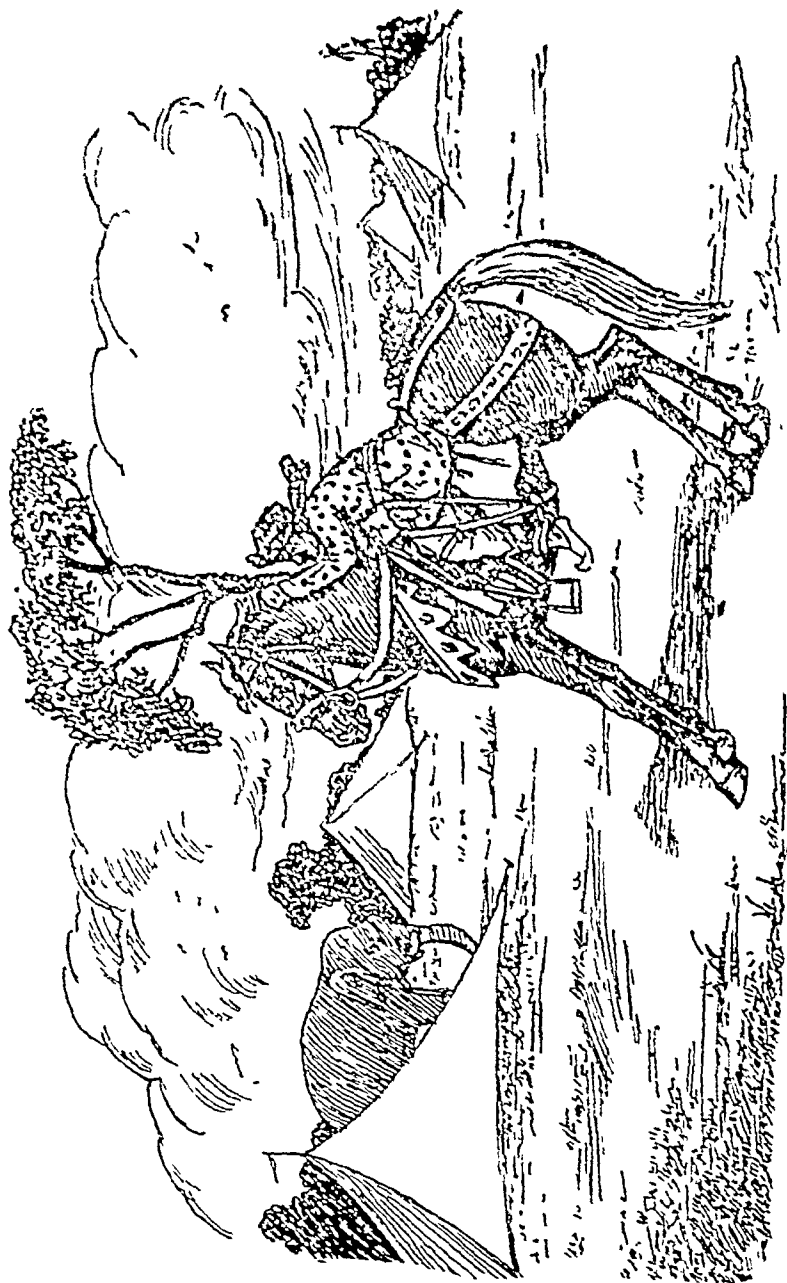
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd "
" Nay then," replies the feeble fox,
" But hark, I hear a hen that clucks,
Go but be moderate in your food ;
A chicken, too, might do me good "

LESSON 8

THE VALIANT CHATTI-MAKER (II)

THE Rajah consented, and the chatti-maker returned home to his wife, and said "They have made me Commander-in-Chief The post is a very difficult one for me to fill, because I shall have to ride at the head of all the army, and you know that I have never been on a horse in my life But I have succeeded in gaining a little delay, as the Rajah has given me permission to go first alone, and reconnoitre the enemy's camp Will you, therefore, provide a very quiet pony, for you know I cannot ride, and I will start to-morrow morning "

But, before the chatti-maker had started, the Rajah sent over to him a magnificent charger, which he begged him to ride when going to see the enemy's camp The chatti-maker was frightened almost out of his life, for the charger that the Rajah had sent him was very powerful and spirited, and he felt sure that, even if he ever got on it, he would very soon tumble off, however, he did not dare to refuse it, for fear of offending the Rajah by not accepting his present So he sent back to him a message of thanks, and said to his wife, "I cannot go on the pony now that the Rajah has sent me this fine horse, but how am I ever to ride it ? " "Oh, don't be frightened," she answered, "you've only got to get upon it, and I will tie you firmly on, so that you cannot tumble off, and if you start at night no one will see that you are tied on " "Very well," he said So that night his wife brought the horse that the Rajah had sent him to the door "Indeed," said the chatti-maker, "I can never get into that saddle,



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

it is so high up " " You must jump," said his wife So he tried to jump several times, but each time he jumped, he tumbled down again " I always forget when I am jumping," said he, " which way I ought to turn " " Your face must be towards the horse's head," she answered " To be sure, of course," he cried, and giving one great jump he jumped into the saddle, but with his face towards the horse's tail " This won't do at all ! " said his wife as she helped him down again , " try getting on without jumping " " I never can remember," he continued, " when I have got my left foot in the stirrup, what to do with my right foot, or where to put it " " That must go in the other stirrup," she answered , " let me help you " So, after many trials, in which he tumbled down very often, for the horse was fresh and did not like standing still, the chatti-maker got into the saddle, but, no sooner had he got there than he cried, " Oh, wife, wife ! tie me very firmly as quickly as possible, for I know I shall jump down if I can " Then she fetched some strong rope and tied his feet firmly into the stirrups and fastened one stirrup to the other and put another rope round his waist, and another round his neck, and fastened them to the horse's body, and neck, and tail

When the horse felt all these ropes about him he could not imagine what queer creature had got upon his back, and he began rearing, and kicking, and prancing, and at last set off at full gallop, as fast as he could tear, right across country until they came in sight of the enemy's camp

The chatti-maker did not enjoy his ride at all, and when he saw where it was leading him, he liked it still less, for he thought the enemy would catch him and very likely kill him So he determined to make one desperate

effort to be free, and stretching out his hand as the horse shot past a young banyan tree, he seized hold of it with all his might hoping that the resistance it offered might cause the ropes that tied him to break. But the horse was going at his utmost speed, and the soil in which the banyan tree grew was loose so that when the chatt-maker caught hold of it and gave it such a violent pull it came up by the roots, and on he rode as fast as before with the tree in his hand.

All the soldiers in the camp saw him coming, and having heard that an army was to be sent against them, made sure that the chatt-maker was one of the vanguard. "See," cried they "here comes a man of gigantic stature on a mighty horse! He rides at full speed across the country, tearing up the very trees in his rage! He is one of the opposing force the whole army must be close at hand. If they are such as he, we are all dead men." Then, running to their Rajah, some of them cried again, "Here comes the whole force of the enemy" (for the story had by this time become exaggerated) "they are men of gigantic stature, mounted on mighty horses, as they come they tear up the very trees in their rage, we can oppose men, but not monsters such as these." These were followed by others, who said, "It is all true," for by this time the chatt-maker had got pretty near the camp, "they're coming! they're coming! let us fly! let us fly! fly, fly for your lives!" And the whole panic-stricken multitude fled from the camp after having obliged their Rajah to write a letter to the one whose country he was about to invade, to say that he would not do so, and propose terms of peace, and to sign it and seal it with his seal. Scarcely had all the people fled from the camp, than the horse on which

the chatti-maker was, came galloping into it, and on his back rode the chatti-maker, almost dead from fatigue, with the banyan tree in his hand, just as he reached the camp the ropes by which he was tied broke, and he fell to the ground. The horse stood still, too tired with his long run to go further. On recovering his senses, the chatti-maker found, to his surprise, that the whole camp, full of rich arms, clothes, and trappings, was entirely deserted. In the principal tent, moreover, he found a letter addressed to his Rajah, announcing the retreat of the invading army, and proposing terms of peace.

So he took the letter, and returned home with it as fast as he could, leading his horse all the way, for he was afraid to mount him again. It did not take him long to reach his house by the direct road, for whilst riding he had gone a longer way round than was necessary and he got there just at nightfall. His wife ran out to meet him, overjoyed at his speedy return. As soon as he saw her, he said, "Ah, wife, since I saw you last I've been all round the world, and had many wonderful and terrible adventures. But never mind that now, send this letter quickly to the Rajah by a messenger, and send the horse also that he sent for me to ride. He will then see, by the horse looking tired, what a long ride I've had, and if he is sent on beforehand, I shall not be obliged to ride him up to the palace door to-morrow morning, as I otherwise should, and that would be very tiresome, for most likely I should tumble off." So his wife sent the horse and the letter to the Rajah, and a message that her husband would be at the palace early next morning, as it was then late at night.

Next day he went down there, as he had said he would,

and when the people saw him coming, they said, " This man is as modest as he is brave , after having put our enemies to flight he walks quite simply to the door instead of riding here in state, as any other man would ' For they did not know that the chatti-maker walked because he was afraid to ride

The Rajah came to the palace door to meet him, and paid him all possible honour Terms of peace were agreed upon between the two countries, and the chatti-maker was rewarded for all he had done by being given twice as much rank and wealth as he had before, and he lived very happily all the rest of his life

LESSON 9

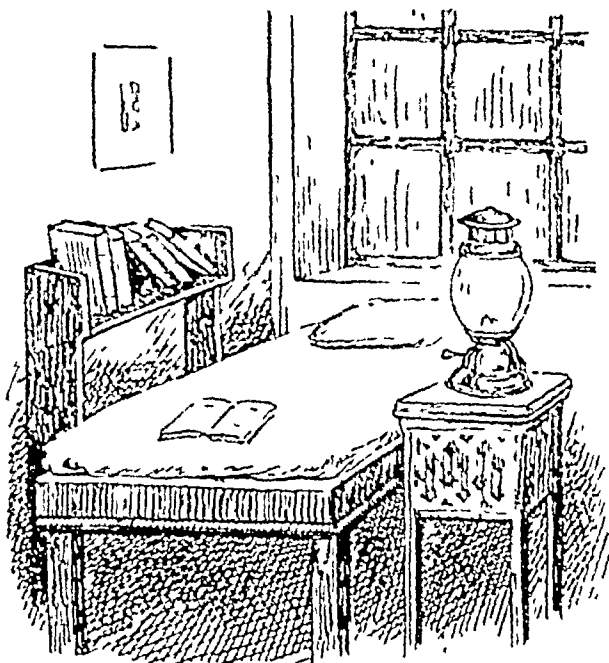
THE SCHOOLBOY'S ESSAY

Boys are often asked to write an essay in school, and in examinations it is necessary to write essays in a very short space of time. Let us, then, begin early to learn something about this difficult art.

What is an essay? The dictionary tells us that an essay is a brief literary composition on any subject, and many famous essays have been written in English. Perhaps you know some of these. Have you ever heard of the essays of Charles Lamb? Lord Macaulay was a famous writer who once lived in India. He wrote two brilliant essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, and, when you go to college, you are sure to read these interesting compositions. The essay may be as long or as short as the writer pleases, but it must arrange the facts and ideas connected with its subject in an orderly and striking manner. Now this is the chief difficulty of the young learner. First of all he must get his facts and ideas together, and then he must learn how to arrange these.

Essays are divided into paragraphs. What is a paragraph? It may be called a collection of sentences that contain one main idea, and that form a section of an essay. In a very short essay it is well to have one introductory and one concluding paragraph. Now let us try to write an essay for ourselves. Let us take this picture as our subject, and let us begin by thinking about it. We shall soon have plenty of ideas to write about, and we must try to arrange these into orderly paragraphs?

Look carefully at the picture. It is a drawing of a room in a hostel. It shows a window, a bed, a bookcase, a table and a lamp. There is a picture on the wall. It is a room in a good school or college hostel. Now all these facts set one thinking about hostel life, and many ideas come crowding into the mind. Which of these shall we select for our essay? We have the picture as



our main subject and so we must keep to that, making all other ideas subordinate to the picture.

First of all let us say something about hostel life in general. All Indian schoolboys know something about this, even if they have not lived in a hostel themselves. This would make the substance of one paragraph. Then let us describe exactly what the picture shows. There are many clear details in the drawing that are familiar

to us all. These would make the substance of a second paragraph. Next, we may imagine the work of the boy or student who lives in this very room. This would make a third paragraph. Here then are three main paragraphs. If to these we add a very brief introduction and conclusion, we shall have a neat little essay of five paragraphs. This is a very useful size for the essay of a schoolboy. It shows that he understands how to arrange his facts in order, and it does not take a long time to write. Here then is our school essay with the subject at the top.

THE SCHOOL HOSTEL

Here is the picture of a room in the hostel of a high school. It has been carefully drawn, and many details of interest have been shown to us by the artist.

Hostels are of great use to the Indian schoolboy. They provide a lodging for those who have to come from a great distance to carry on their studies. They also provide the companionship of class-fellows with whom games may be played, and along with whom lessons may be learned. Hostels are places of discipline. They teach us punctuality, and they compel us to obey the orders of our superintendents. In this way they are a good preparation for our life when we leave school.

This picture of a hostel is very clear. We can almost see the room itself and everything that it contains. It is a comfortable room with good furniture. There is a strong bed with a thick mattress and pillow. Beside the bed there is a small table on which a lamp has been placed. The lamp looks as if it were alight. Probably it is evening and the lamp is ready for the boy who will come in from his games to carry on his studies. Against

the wall and near the bed there is a bookcase. On the top shelf are five books, and another book is lying open on the bed. Above the bookcase there is a picture. How neat and comfortable it all looks !

Who lives in this room ? The artist does not show the boy and we can only guess at his appearance and character. Perhaps he reads in the highest class of his school. He seems to be a diligent student because his books and lamp are all ready for use. Perhaps he will leave this school and hostel and go into a college. He may enter one of the learned professions. He may become a doctor or a lawyer or a teacher. Perhaps he will go into the Civil Service and become a useful district officer or judge. On the other hand he may like industrial life. He may go into business and become a merchant, or he may study engineering. Perhaps he is fond of farming. He may learn all about the new methods of agriculture and return to his father's lands and see that they are carefully cultivated. It is hard to say what this hostel boy will do in after-life, but, as he seems to be both tidy and diligent, he is likely to be successful when he grows up to be a man.

How interesting it is to look at a nice picture like this, and to write down all the ideas that the artist has brought to our minds !

CLASS EXERCISES

(1) Use other pictures in this book as an aid to composition and expression.

(2) The essay-form is not hard. It is as easy to grasp as any theory of grammar, and the use of the paragraph should be taught as early as possible. Take any subject

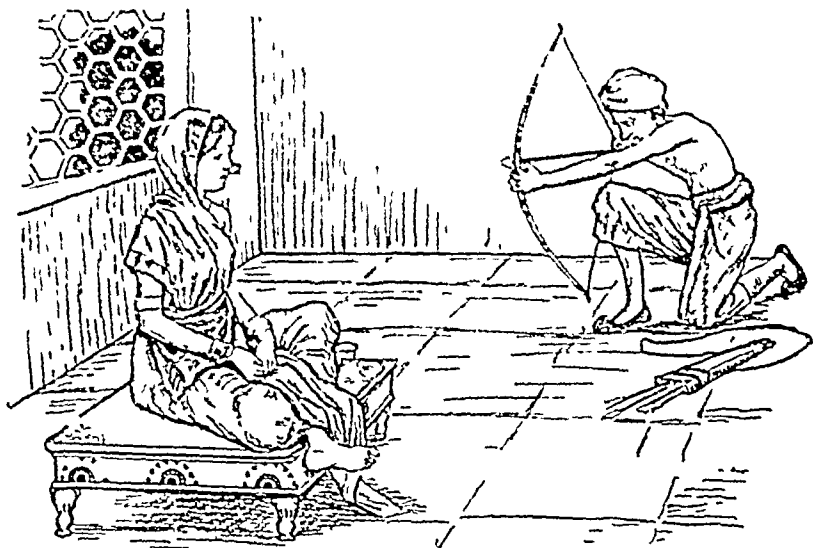
at random such as *War, The Monsoon, Football, etc, etc*, and get the pupils to jot down their ideas arranged in three main paragraphs with one of introduction and conclusion. In time the number of paragraphs may be increased, but five make a very handy size.

(3) There is no reason why the vernacular should not be used largely to explain exactly the need for relevance and arrangement. Moreover, if the English teacher co-operates with the minister or pundit, or whoever teaches the local language, similar essays may be set in it, or in Sanskrit or Persian.

LESSON 10

THREE CLEVER MEN (I)

THERE was once upon a time a very rich man who had a very beautiful wife, and whose chief amusement used to be shooting with a bow and arrow. At this art he was so clever that every morning he would shoot through



one of the pearls in his wife's nose-ring without hurting her at all.

One holiday, the Pearl-shooter's brother-in-law came to take his sister to their father and mother's house to pay her own family a little visit, and when he saw her, he said "Why do you look so pale and thin and miserable? Is your husband unkind to you, or what is the matter?" "No," she answered, "my husband is very kind to me, and I have plenty of money and

jewels, and as pleasant a house as I could wish. My only grief is that every morning he amuses himself by shooting one of the pearls from my nose-ring, and that frightens me, for I fear that some day he may miss his aim, and the arrow run into my face and kill me. I am in constant terror of my life, yet I do not like to ask him not to do it, because it gives him so much pleasure, but if he left off I should be very glad." "What does he himself say to you about it?" asked the brother. "Every day," she replied, "when he has shot the pearl, he comes to me quite happy and proud, and says, 'Was there ever a man so clever as I am?' and I answer him, 'No, I do not think there ever was any one as clever as you.'" "Do not say so again," said the brother. "but next time he asks you the question, answer, *Yes, there are many men in the world more clever than you*."

The Pearl-shooter's wife promised to take her brother's advice. So, next time her husband shot the pearl from her nose-ring, and said to her, "Was there ever a man so clever as I am?" she answered "Yes, there are many men in the world more clever than you." Then he said, "If there are, I will not rest until I have found them." And he left her and went a far journey into the jungle in order to find, if possible, a cleverer man than himself.

On, on, on he journeyed a very long way, until at last he came to a large river, and on the river bank saw a traveller eating his dinner. The Pearl-shooter sat down beside him, and the two began to converse together. At last the Pearl-shooter said to his new friend, "What is the reason of your journey, and where are you going?" The stranger answered, "I am a Wrestler, and the strong-

est man in all this country. I can do many wonderful things in the way of wrestling and carrying heavy weights, and I began to think that in all this world there was no one so clever as I, but I have lately heard of a still more wonderful man who lives in a distant country and who is so clever that every morning he shoots one of the pearls from his wife's nose-ring without hurting her. So I am travelling in order to find him and learn if the story is true.

The Pearl-shooter answered, "Then you need travel no further, for I am that man of whom you heard." "Why are you travelling about then and where are you going?" asked the Wrestler. "I" replied the other, "am also travelling to see if in all the world I can find a man cleverer than myself, therefore, as we have both the same object in view, let us be brothers and go about together. Perhaps there is still in the world a better man than we." The Wrestler agreed, so they both started on their way together.

They had not gone very far before they came to a place where three roads met, and there sat another man whom neither of them had ever seen before. He accosted the Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter and said to them, "Who are you, friends, and where are you going?" "We," answered they, "are two clever men, who are travelling through the world to see if we can find a man cleverer than ourselves, but who are you, and where are you going?" "I," replied the third man, "am a Pundit, a man of memory, renowned for my brains, a great thinker, and, to tell you the truth, I thought there was no one in the world more wonderful than I, but having heard of two men in distant lands of very great cleverness, one of whom is a Wrestler, and the other

a Shooter of pearls from his wife's nose-ring, I am journeying in order to find them and learn if the things I heard are true " "They are true," said the other, "for we, O Pundit, are the very two men of whom you speak "

At this news the Pundit was overjoyed, and cried, "Then let us be brothers, since your homes are far distant, return with me to my house, which is close by There you can rest a while, and each of us put our various powers to the proof " This proposal pleased the Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter, who accompanied the Pundit to his house

Now in the kitchen there was an enormous cauldron of iron, so heavy that five-and-twenty men could hardly move it and in the dead of night the Wrestler, to prove his power, got up from the verandah, where he was sleeping, and as quietly as possible lifted this great cauldron on to his shoulders, and carried it down to the river Then he waded with it into the deepest part of the water, and buried it there After having accomplished this feat, he returned to the Pundit's house as quietly as he had left it, and, rolling himself up in his blanket, fell fast asleep But though he had come so softly, the Pundit's wife heard him, and waking her husband, she said, "I heard footsteps as of people creeping quietly about and not wishing to be heard, and but a little while ago I noticed the same thing Perhaps there are thieves in the house . let us go and see It is strange that they should choose such a bright moonlight night ' And they both got up quickly, and walked round the house They found nothing, however, out of order, nor any signs of anything having been touched or disarranged, until they came to the kitchen

At first they thought all was as they left it there;

when just as they were going away, the Pundit's wife cried out to him "Why, what has become of the great cauldron? I never thought of looking to see if that was safe, for it did not seem possible that it could have been moved." And they both looked inside the house and outside, but the cauldron was nowhere to be seen. At last however, they discovered deep footprints in the sand close to the kitchen door, as of some one who had been carrying a very heavy weight, and these they traced down to the river side.

Then the Pundit said "Some one immensely strong has evidently done this, for here are the footprints of one man only, and he must have buried the cauldron in the water for see! there is no continuation of the footprints on the other side. I wonder who can have done this? Let us go and see if our two guests are asleep. Perhaps the Wrestler played us this trick to prove his great strength." And, with his wife, he went into the verandah where the Pearl-shooter and the Wrestler lay rolled up in their blankets, fast asleep. First, they looked at the Pearl-shooter, but, on seeing him, the Pundit shook his head, saying, "No, he certainly has not done this thing." They then looked at the Wrestler, and the cunning Pundit licked the skin of the sleeping man, and turning to his wife, whispered "This is assuredly the man who stole the cauldron and put it in the river, for he must have been but lately up to his neck in fresh water, since there is no taste of salt on his skin from his foot even to his shoulders. To-morrow I will surprise him by showing him I know this." And so saying, the Pundit crept back into the house, followed by his wife.

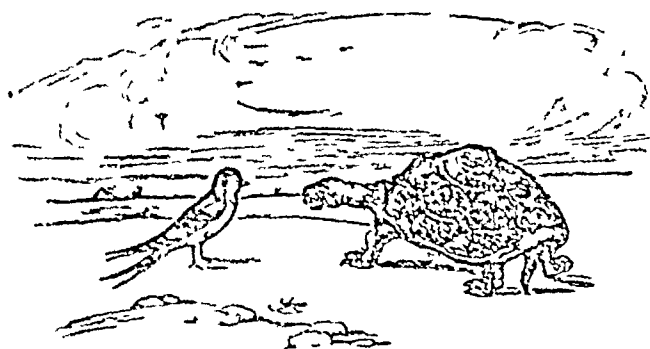
Next morning early, as soon as it was light, the Pearl-

shooter and the Wrestler were accosted by their host, who said to them, "Let us go down to the river and have a bathe, for I cannot offer you a bath, since the great cauldron, in which we generally wash, has been mysteriously carried away this very night" "Where can it have gone?" said the Wrestler "Ah, where indeed?" answered the Pundit, and he led them down to where the cauldron had been put into the river by the Wrestler the night before, and wading about in the water until he found it, pointed it out to him, saying, "See, friend, how far this cauldron travelled!" The Wrestler was much surprised to find that the Pundit knew where the cauldron was hidden, and said, "Who can have put it there?" "I will tell you," answered the Pundit, "why, I think it was you!" And then he related how his wife had heard footsteps, and being afraid of thieves, had awakened him the night before, and how they had discovered that the cauldron was missing, and traced it down to the river side, and then how he had found out that the Wrestler had just before been into the water up to his neck. The Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter were both much astonished at the Pundit's wisdom in having found this out, and the Pearl-shooter said to himself, "Both these men are certainly more clever than I"

LESSON 11

THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE

A TORTOISE in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place
Had left his winter-quarters under ground,
And with a sober pace
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,
And thrusting from his shell his pretty toad-like head.
Just come from sea, a Swallow,



As to and fro he nimbly flew,
Beat out old racer hollow
At length he stopp'd direct in view,
And said " Acquaintance, brisk and gay,
How have you fared this many a day ? "

" Thank you ! " (replied the close housekeeper)
" Since you and I last autumn parted,
I've been a precious sleeper,
And never stirr'd nor started.
But in my hold I lay as snug
As fleas within a rug ;

Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the snow and ice were thawed."

" But I " (rejoined the bird)
" Who love cold weather just as well as you,
Soon as the warning blasts I heard,
Away I flew,
And mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind

Directed by the midday sun,
O'er sea and land my venturous course I steered,
Nor was my distant journey done
Till Africa's green coast appear'd
There, all the season long,
I chased gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning song,
And housed at night among the bats
Then, at the call of spring,
I northward turn'd my wing,
And here again her joyous message bring "

" What a deal of needless ranging "
(Returned the reptile grave) ,
" For ever hurrying, bustling, changing,
As if it were your life to save !
Why need you visit foreign nations ?
Rather, like me, and some of your relations,
Take out a pleasant half-year's nap,
Secure from trouble and mishap "

" A pleasant nap, indeed ! " (replied the Swallow);
" When I can neither see nor fly,

That bright example I may follow,
Till then in truth not I !
I measure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days like you, you stupid
dunce ! '

LESSON 12

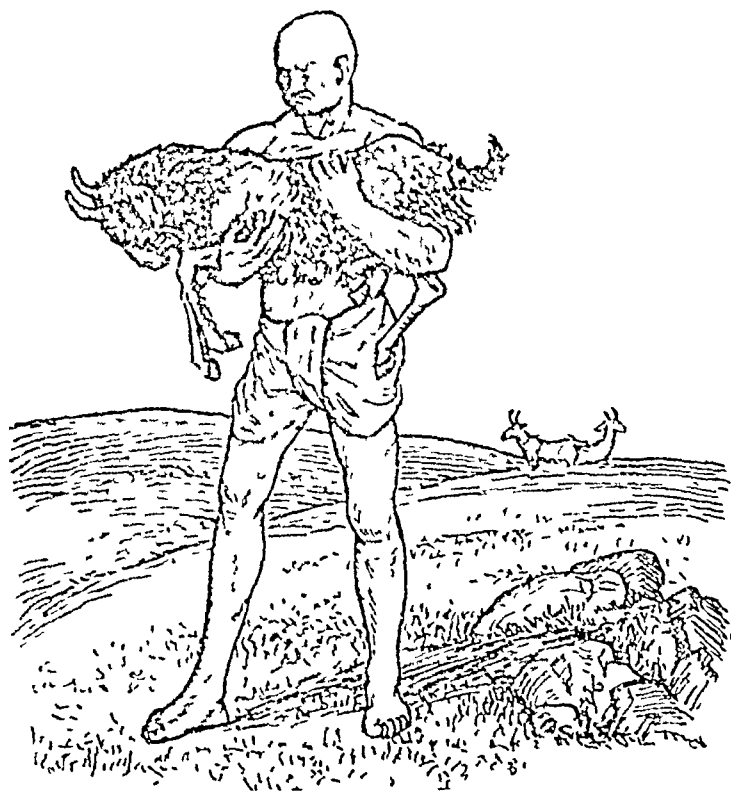
THREE CLEVER MEN (II)

THE three clever men returned to the house, and were very happy and joyful, and amused themselves laughing and talking all the rest of the day. When evening came, the Pundit said to the Wrestler. "Let us to-night have done with simple food, and have a royal feast, my Strong Friend, please go and catch the fattest of those goats that we see upon the hills yonder, and we will cook it for our dinner."

The Wrestler assented, and set out until he reached the flock of goats, which were browsing upon the hillside. Now, just at that moment a wicked little Demon came by that way and on seeing the Wrestler looking at the goats, he thought to himself, "If I can make him choose me, and take me home with him for his dinner, I shall be able to play him and his friends some fine tricks." So, quick as thought, he changed himself into a very handsome goat, and when the Wrestler saw this one goat so much taller and finer and fatter than all the rest, he ran and caught hold of him, and tucked him under his arm to carry him home for dinner. The goat kicked and kicked, and jumped about, and tried to butt more fiercely than the Wrestler had ever known any mortal goat do before, but still he held him tight, and brought him in triumph to the Pundit's door.

The Pundit heard him coming, and ran out to meet him, but when he saw the goat, he started back quite frightened, for the Wrestler was holding it so tight that its eyes were almost starting out of its head, and they were

fiery and evil-looking, and burning like two living coals, and the Pundit saw at once that it was a Demon and no goat that his friend held. Then he thought quickly. "If I appear to be frightened, this cruel Demon will get into the house and devour us all. I must endeavour



to frighten him." So, in a bold voice, he cried. "Oh, Wrestler! Wrestler! foolish friend what have you done? We asked you to fetch a fat goat for our dinner, and you have only brought a wretched little Demon. If you could not find goats, while you were about it you might as well have brought more Demons, for we are hungry people. My children are each accustomed to eat one

Demon a day, and my wife eats three, and I myself eat twelve, and here you have only brought one between us all What are we to do ? ”

At hearing these reproaches the Wrestler was so astonished that he dropped the Demon goat who was so frightened at the Pundit's words that he came crawling along quite humbly upon his knees, saying ‘ “ Oh, sir ’ do not eat me, do not eat me, and I will give you anything you like in the world Only let me go, and I will fetch you mountains of treasure, rubies and diamonds and gold and precious stones beyond number Do not eat me , only let me go ! ’ ”

“ No, no,” said the Pundit , “ I know what you'll do , you ll just go away and never return We are very hungry We do not want gold and precious stones, but we want a good dinner We must certainly eat you ” The Demon thought that all the Pundit said must be true , for he spoke so fearlessly and naturally So he repeated more earnestly, “ Only let me go, and I promise you to return and bring you all the riches that you could desire ” The Pundit was too wise to seem glad , but he said sternly “ Very well, you may go , but unless you return quickly, and bring the treasure you promise, be you in the uttermost part of the earth, we will find you and eat you, for we are more powerful than you and all your fellows ”

The Demon, who had just experienced how much stronger the Wrestler was than ordinary men, and then heard from the Pundit's own lips of his love for eating Demons, thought himself exceedingly lucky to have escaped their clutches so easily. Returning to his own land, he fetched from the Demons' storehouse a vast amount of precious things, with which he was flying

away with all speed when several of his comrades caught hold of him and in angry tones asked where he was carrying away so much of their treasure. The Demon answered "I take it to save my life, for whilst wandering round the world I was caught by terrible creatures more dreadful than the sons of men, and they threatened to eat me unless I bring the treasure."

"We should like to see these dreadful creatures" answered they "for we never before heard of mortals who devoured Demons." To which he replied "These are not ordinary mortals. I tell you they are the fiercest creatures I ever saw and would devour our Rajah himself if they got the chance. One of them said that he daily ate twelve Demons, that his wife ate three and each of his children one." At hearing this they consented to let him go for the time being, but the Demon Rajah commanded him to return with all speed next day, that the matter might be further discussed in Durbar.

When after three days' absence the Demon returned to the Pundit's house with the treasure, the Pundit angrily said to him "Why have you been so long away? You promised to return as soon as possible." He answered "All my fellow Demons detained me and would hardly let me go, they were so angry at my bringing you so much treasure and though I told them how great and powerful you were, they would not believe me, but will as soon as I return, judge me in Durbar for serving you." "Where is your Durbar held?" asked the Pundit. "Oh, very far, far away," answered the Demon, "in the depths of the jungle, where our Rajah daily holds his court." My friends and I would like to see that place and your Rajah and all his court," said the

Pundit “ You must take us with you when you go, for we have absolute mastery over all Demons, even over their Rajah himself , and unless you do as we command, we shall be very angry ’ “ Very well,” answered the Demon, for he felt quite frightened at the Pundit’s fierce words , “ mount on my back, and I’ll take you there ”

So the Pundit, the Wrestler, and the Pearl-shooter all mounted the Demon, and he flew away with them, on, on, on, as fast as his wings could cut the air, till they reached the great jungle where the Durbar was to be held, and there he placed them all on the top of a high tree just over the Demon Rajah’s throne In a few minutes the Pearl-shooter, the Wrestler, and the Pundit heard a rushing noise, and thousands and thousands of Demons filled the place, covering the ground as far as the eye could reach, and thronging chiefly round the Rajah’s throne , but they did not notice the men up in the tree above them Then the Rajah ordered that the evil spirit, who had taken their treasure to give to mortals, should be brought for trial When they had dragged the culprit into the midst of them, they tried him, and having proved him guilty, they wished to punish but he defended himself stoutly, saying · “ Noble Rajah, those who forced me to fetch them treasure were no ordinary mortals, but great and terrible They said that they ate many Demons the man ate twelve a day, his wife ate three, and each of his children one He said, moreover, that he and his friends were more powerful than us all, and ruled your majesty as absolutely as we are ruled by you ” The Demon Rajah answered · “ Let us see these great people of whom you speak, and we will believe you ; but . ”

At this moment the tree in which the Pundit, the Pearl-shooter and the Wrestler were hiding broke, and down they all tumbled—first the Wrestler, then the Pearl-shooter, and lastly the Pundit upon the head of the Demon Rajah as he sat in judgment. They seemed to have come down from the sky, so suddenly did they appear, and, being very much alarmed at their awkward position, determined to take the aggressive. The Wrestler kicked and hugged and beat the Rajah with all his might and main and the Pearl-shooter did likewise, while the Pundit, who was perched up a little higher than either of the others, cried, “We will eat him first for dinner and afterwards we will eat all the other Demons.”

The evil spirits hearing this, one and all flew away from the confusion and left their Rajah to his fate, while he cried, “Oh spare me! spare me! I see it is all true only let me go, and I will give you as much treasure as you like.” “No, no,” said the Pundit, “don’t listen to him, my friends, we will eat him for dinner.” And the Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter kicked and beat him harder than before. Then the Demon cried again, “Let me go! let me go!”

“No, no,” they answered, and they pummeled him vigorously for the space of an hour, until, at last fearing they might get tired, the Pundit said, “The treasure would be of no use to us here in the jungle, but if you brought us a very great deal to our own house, we might give up eating you for dinner to-day, you must, however, give us great compensation, for we are all very hungry.”

To this the Demon Rajah gladly agreed, and calling together his scattered subjects, ordered them to take

the three men home again, and convey the treasure to the Pundit's house. The little Demons obeyed his orders with much fear and trembling, but they were only too ready to do their best to get the Pundit, the Pearl-shooter, and the Wrestler out of Demon-land. When they got home, the Pundit said, "You shall not go until the promise is fulfilled." Instantly Demons without number filled the house with riches, and when they had accomplished their task, they all flew away, fearing greatly the terrible Pundit and his friends who talked of eating Demons as men would eat almonds and raisins.

So, by never showing that he was afraid, this brave Pundit saved his family from being eaten by these evil spirits, and also got a vast amount of treasure. This he divided into three equal portions. a third he gave to the Wrestler, a third to the Pearl-shooter, and a third he kept himself. After this he sent his friends with many kindly words back to their own homes. So the Pearl-shooter returned to his house laden with gold and jewels of priceless worth, and when he got there, he called his wife and gave them to her, saying. "I have been a far journey, and brought back all these treasures for you, and I have learnt that your words were true, since in the world there are cleverer men than I, for mine is a cleverness that is of no value, and but for a Pundit and a Wrestler I should not have gained these riches. I will shoot the pearl from your nose-ring no more." And he never did.

LESSON 13

PICTURE COMPOSITION



EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

(1) Describe this picture as follows

- (a) the externals of the grocer's shop ,
- (b) the goods in the shop ,
- (c) the grocer himself

(2) Invent a story about the grocer in this shop and express it in five paragraphs neatly arranged (See lesson 9)

(3) Describe any other shop with which you are acquainted

LESSON 14

THE TALE OF THE TWO PRINCESSES (I)

ONCE upon a time there lived a Rajah who was left a widower with two little daughters. Not very long after his first wife died, he married again, and his second wife did not care for her step-children, and was often unkind to them. The Rajah, their father, never troubled himself to look after them, but allowed his wife to treat them as she liked. This made the poor girls very miserable, and one day one of them said to the other, "Don't let us remain any longer here, come away into the jungle, for nobody here cares whether we go or stay."

So they both walked off into the jungle, and lived for many days on wild fruit. At last, after they had wandered on for a long while, they came to a fine palace which belonged to a Rakshas, but both the Rakshas and his wife were out when they got there. Then one of the princesses said to the other, "This fine palace, in the midst of the jungle, can belong to no one but a Rakshas; but the owner has evidently gone out. Let us go in and see if we can find anything to eat." So they went into the Rakshas' house, and finding some rice, boiled and ate it. They then swept the room, and arranged all the furniture in the house tidily. But hardly had they finished doing so, when the Rakshas and his wife returned home. Then the two princesses were so frightened that they ran up to the top of the house, and hid themselves on the flat roof, from which they could look down on one side into the inner courtyard of the house, and from the other could see the open country.

When the Rakshas came into the house, he looked round, and said to his wife, "Somebody has been arranging the house, everything in it is so clean and tidy. Wife, did you do this?" "No," she said; "I don't know who can have done all this" "Some one also has



been sweeping the courtyard," continued the Rakshas. "Wife, did you sweep the courtyard?" "No," she answered, "I did not do it. I don't know who did." Then the Rakshas walked round and round several times with his nose up in the air, saying, "Some one is here now. I smell flesh and blood! Where can they

be ? ” “ Stuff and nonsense,” cried his wife “ You smell flesh and blood, indeed ! Why, you have just been killing and eating a hundred people I should be surprised if you *didn't* smell flesh and blood ! ” They went on quarrelling thus until the Rakshas said, “ Well, never mind, I don't know how it is, but I'm very thirsty, let us go and drink some water ” So both the Rakshas and his wife went to a well which was close to the house, and began letting down jars into it, and drawing up the water, and drinking it And the princesses, who were on the top of the house, saw them

Now the youngest of the two princesses was a very wise girl, and when she saw the Rakshas and his wife by the well, she said to her sister, “ I will do something now that will be good for us both ”, and, running down quickly from the top of the house, she crept close behind the Rakshas and his wife, as they stood on tip-toe more than half over the side of the well, and, catching hold of one of the Rakshas' heels, and one of his wife's, gave each a great push, and down they both tumbled into the well and were drowned, the Rakshas and the Rakshas' wife ! The princess then returned to her sister and said, “ I have killed the Rakshas ” “ What, both ? ” cried her sister “ Yes, both,” she said “ Won't they come back ? ” said her sister “ No, never ! ” answered she

The Rakshas being thus killed, the two princesses took possession of the house, and lived there very happily for a long time In it they found heaps and heaps of rich clothes, and jewels, and gold and silver, which the Rakshas had taken from people whom he had murdered All round the house were folds for the flocks, and sheds for the herds of cattle which the Rakshas owned Every morning the youngest princess used to drive out the

flocks and herds to graze, and return home with them every night, while the eldest stayed at home, cooked the dinner, and kept the house. The youngest princess would often say to her sister on going away for the day, "Take care, if you see any stranger come by the house, to hide, if possible, that nobody may know of our living here; and if any one should call out and ask for a drink of water, or any poor beggar pray for food, before you give it them be sure you put on ragged clothes and cover your face with charcoal and make yourself as ugly as possible, or, seeing how fair you are, they will run away with you and we shall never meet again." "Very well," the other princess would answer, "I will do as you advise."

But a long time passed, and no one ever came by that way. At last one day, after the youngest princess had gone out, a young prince, the son of a neighbouring Rajah, who had been hunting with his attendants for many days in the jungles, came near the place searching for water. When the prince saw the fine palace, standing all by itself, he was very much astonished, and said, "It is a strange thing that any one should have built such a house as this in the depths of the forest! Let us go in the owners will doubtless give us a drink of water." "No, no, do not go," cried his attendants, "this is most likely the house of a Rakshas." "We can but see," answered the prince, "I should scarcely think anything very terrible lived here, for there is not a sound to be heard nor a living creature to be seen." So he began tapping at the door, which was bolted, and crying, "Will whoever owns this house give me and my people some water to drink, for the sake of kind charity?" But nobody answered, for the princess, who heard him

was busy up in her room, blacking her face with charcoal, and covering her rich dress with rags. Then the prince got impatient, and shook the door, saying, angrily, "Let me in, whoever you are! If you don't, I'll force the door open." At this the poor little princess got dreadfully frightened, and, having blacked her face, and made herself look as ugly as possible, she ran downstairs with a pitcher of water, and unbolting the door, gave the prince the pitcher to drink from, but she did not speak, for she was afraid.

Now the prince was by no means a fool, and as he raised the pitcher to his mouth to drink the water, he thought to himself, "This is a very strange-looking creature who has brought me this jug of water. She would be pretty, but her face seems to want washing, and her dress also is very untidy. What can that black stuff be on her face and hands? It looks very unnatural." So, instead of drinking the water, he threw it in the princess' face! The princess started back with a little cry whilst the water, trickling down her face, washed off the charcoal, and showed her delicate features and beautiful complexion. The prince caught hold of her hand, and said, "Now tell me truly, who are you? Where do you come from? Who are your father and mother? And why are you here alone by yourself in the jungle? Answer me, or I'll cut your head off." And he made as if he would draw his sword. The princess was so terrified she could hardly speak, but as well as she could, she told how she was the daughter of a Rajah, and had run away into the jungle because of her cruel step-mother, and finding this house, had lived there ever since. Having finished her story, she began to cry. Then the prince said to her, "Pretty lady, forgive me for my

roughness, do not fear, I will take you home with me, and you shall be my wife." But the more he spoke to her, the more frightened she became. So frightened was she that she did not understand what he said, and could do nothing but cry.

Now she had said nothing to the prince about her sister, nor even told him that she had one for she thought, "This man says he will kill me; if he hears that I have a sister, he will kill her too." So the prince, who was really kind-hearted, and would never have thought of separating the two little sisters who had been together so long, knew nothing at all of the matter, and only seeing that she was too much alarmed even to understand gentle words, said to his servants "Place this lady in one of the palanquins, and let us set off home." And they did so. When the princess found herself shut up in the palanquin, and being carried she knew not where, she thought how terrible it would be for her sister to return home and find her gone. She determined, if possible, to leave some sign to show her which way she had been taken.

Round her neck were many strings of pearls. She untied these, and tearing her sari into little bits, tied one pearl in each piece of the sari, that it might be heavy enough to fall straight to the ground and so she went on, dropping one pearl and then another and another, and another, all the way she went along, until they reached the palace, where the Rajah and Rani, the prince's father and mother, lived. Just as she reached the palace gate she threw down the last pearl that remained.

The old Rajah and Rani were delighted to see the beautiful princess whom their son had brought home, and when they heard her story they said, 'Ah, poor

thing ! what a sad story ! But now that she has come to live with us, we will do all we can to make her happy ”

And they married her to their son with great pomp and ceremony, and gave her rich dresses and jewels, and were very kind to her But the princess remained sad and unhappy, for she was always thinking about her sister, and yet she could not summon courage to beg the prince or his father to send and fetch her to the palace.

LESSON 15

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

ALEXANDER King of Macedon in Greece, is always known as Alexander the Great for his name is one of the greatest in the history of the world and may be compared with Napoleon of France (also called the Great) and Julius Cæsar of Rome. The three men are, in many ways, similar, for they were great warriors and conquerors and also great rulers whose work lives to-day, many years after their death.

Alexander was born about the year 356 B.C. in the North of Greece, and at the age of twenty he succeeded his father, Philip, who was murdered, as King of Macedon. While he was a boy, his mother had always encouraged him to believe that he was descended from one of the old Heroes of Greece whose great deeds are told in the poems of Homer, and when the young man came to the throne, he determined to act as one of the Homeric Heroes and to become a great conqueror and a great ruler. He surrounded himself with the best and wisest men of his time, the chief among them being the philosopher Aristotle, who is perhaps the clearest and deepest thinker of all time.

While his father was alive Alexander had not seen very much fighting, although at the age of eighteen he had commanded the cavalry at one of his father's most successful battles, but when he became king, he found enemies on every side and very few friends to help him. First he turned upon the other states of Europe and in a little over a year became master of the whole of Greece.

But now, as afterwards, he did not treat his conquered foes as enemies, but made them his friends. His generosity was rewarded, for very soon he had to face greater dangers and stronger opponents.

For one hundred and fifty years before Alexander came to the throne of Macedon, Greece and Persia had been bitter enemies. Sometimes there had been wars, in which the Persians were regularly beaten, but in the fourth century Persia seemed to have made herself stronger than ever before. The Persian king was Darius, the second of the name, the first having been the king who conquered Afghanistan and Northern India a hundred and fifty years before, in the reign of King Bimbisara of Magadha.

In 334 B.C. Alexander crossed the Hellespont, which separates Europe from Asia, and in the next year met the army of Darius at Issus in Cilicia. He won a great victory and much treasure. Seven years later, in the battle of Arbela, he defeated the biggest army that had ever been gathered together. Here Darius had assembled nearly a million Persian soldiers. Alexander cut right through their ranks, and approached the person of the Persian king. Darius took fright and fled. Not less than 40,000 Persian soldiers were slain, and the great empire of Darius was broken up. This victory was the beginning of the career of Alexander. He now dreamed of founding a vast Eastern Empire, and of making his way as far as India itself. Let us see how his wonderful plan was carried out.

The great cities of Babylon, Susa and Persepolis were now at the mercy of Alexander. The last he destroyed, and carried away its vast treasure of thirty million pounds. This was the true capital of Persia, and its

destruction was the final proof of the Greek conquest. Babylon and Susa were now made a base for Alexander's armies and from these he marched north-east to attack the Scythians. These warlike people could have hindered his descent upon India, and Alexander, knowing this,



ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Head of a Statue at Constantinople

marched to the river Jaxartes (the Sir Daria) and utterly defeated them. At this stage in his advance he subdued the country called Sogdiana, and began to take Asiatic soldiers into his army.

The Greek general now turned to the South. The Hindu Kush lay between him and India. This was

hard mountainous country, to which his troops were not accustomed. It contained many warlike tribes and many strong hill-forts. The Greek army divided itself into two parts. One part marched along the Kabul river, the other, led by Alexander, moved to the north of the first as a sort of guard. The whole army at last reached the Indus at a place called Ohind, about twenty miles north of Attock. To the south of the river Indus there were two Indian kings named Ambhi and Paurava. They were rivals, and Ambhi at once yielded to Alexander, promising him help for his weary troops. He gave up the great city of Taxila or Taksha-sila to the invaders, and here the Greeks rested while Alexander turned to face Paurava.

Paurava, whose name in Greek is Poros, awaited his enemy on the south bank of the Jihlam. His army lay to the north of the Greek camp, which was fixed at the town of Jihlam itself. Alexander took a portion of his troops, marched north and crossed the river twenty miles above the camp of Poros. He told his generals whom he had left at Jihlam to cross when the battle began and to join him in the fight. Poros was taken by surprise. He had a great army with 200 elephants in front. On each side were chariots and cavalry and the whole force was drawn up in a dense mass close to the river. Alexander lost no time in attack. He began by using his cavalry. The swift Greek troopers came round the large army of Poros and galloped down upon its rear. Meanwhile the elephants were attacking the Greeks in front, but by skilful archery these huge beasts were so maddened that they broke loose and crushed the Indian soldiers upon whom they retreated. At this stage in the fight, across the river from Jihlam

came the generals of Alexander. With this help the Greeks were greatly encouraged, and soon the huge army of Poros was in confusion. At least 15,000 men were killed. The Indian king fought like a brave soldier to the end. He fell terribly wounded, was taken to Alexander and treated with great respect.

When the Greek general asked him, "How do you expect to be treated?" Poros, who was a Kshatriya, replied, "As a King!" Alexander, admiring his courage and pride, restored his kingdom to him, and added to it the territory of the chiefs who had fallen in the battle, and made Poros his own Viceroy in India.

It was now the month of September in the year 326 B.C. Alexander had reached the limit of his conquest. His army refused to go further. The land to the south was unknown. His troops were weary of fighting, and they knew that if they advanced further, it would be almost impossible to return to their homes in Greece. Alexander was sorely disappointed, but he had to yield. He returned to Jihlam, built a great fleet of boats and sailed down the Indus to the sea. He fought against many of the tribes on the banks of the river, and nearly lost his life in one desperate conflict at the citadel of the Malli.

When he reached Pattala, where the Delta of the Indus began, Alexander told his admiral, Nearchus, to sail into the Persian Gulf and so up to the mouth of the river Euphrates. This was a great deed of daring exploration, but Nearchus succeeded in reaching Babylon and rejoining the Greek army. Alexander himself was not less daring. He led his troops through the unknown land of Gedrosia, and in 324 B.C. he came safely to the city of Susa.

What a wonderful march ! It is one of the greatest military campaigns in the history of the world , and it is the most daring of all the invasions of India . All this was done by a very young man . Alexander was only thirty-three when he died of a fever at Babylon in the year 323 B C.

LESSON 16

THE TALE OF THE TWO PRINCESSES (II)

MEANTIME the youngest princess, who had been out with her flocks and herds when the prince took her sister away, returned home. When she came back she found the door wide open, and no one standing there. She thought it very odd, for her sister always came every night to the door, to meet her on her return.

She went up-stairs, but her sister was not there. The whole house was empty and deserted. There she must stay all alone for the evening had closed in, and it was impossible to go outside and look for her with any hope of success. All night long she waited. Next morning, very early, going out to continue the search she found one of the pearls belonging to her sister's necklace tied up in a small piece of *sari*, a little further on lay another, and yet another, all along the road by which the prince had gone. Then the princess understood that her sister had left this clue to guide her on her way, and she at once set off to find her again. At last she came to a large town, to which it was evident her sister had been taken.

Now this young princess was very beautiful indeed—as beautiful as she was wise—and when she got near the town she thought to herself, “If people see me, they may take me away as they did my sister, and then I shall never find her again. I will therefore disguise myself.” As she was thinking thus she saw by the side of the road the skeleton of a poor old beggar woman, who had evidently died from want and poverty. The body was

shrivelled up, and nothing of it remained but the skin and bones. The princess took the skin and washed it, and drew it on over her own lovely face and neck, as one draws a glove on one's hand. Then she took a long stick and began to hobble along, leaning on it, towards the town. So on she went, picking up the pearls—one here, one there—until she found the last pearl just in front of the palace gate. Then she felt certain her sister must be somewhere near, but where, she did not know. She longed to go into the palace and ask for her, but no guards would have let such a wretched-looking old woman enter, and she did not dare offer them any of the pearls she had with her, lest they should think she was a thief. So she determined merely to remain as close to the palace as possible, and wait till she was lucky enough to hear something more about her sister.

Just opposite the palace was a small house belonging to a farmer, and the princess went up to it, and stood by the door. The farmer's wife saw her and said, "Poor old woman, who are you? What do you want? Why are you here? Have you no friends?" "Alas, no," answered the princess. "I am a poor old woman and have neither father nor mother, son nor daughter, sister nor brother, to take care of me. All are gone, and I can only beg my bread from door to door."

Now there was a large tank near the palace, on which grew some fine lotus plants. Of these the Rajah was very fond indeed, and prized them very much. To this tank (because it was the nearest to the farmer's house) the princess used to go every morning, very early, almost before it was light, at about three o'clock, and take off the old woman's skin and wash it, and hang it out to dry, and wash her face and hands and bathe her feet



in the cool water, and comb her beautiful hair. Then she would gather a lotus-flower (such as she had been accustomed to wear in her hair from a child) and put it on, so as to feel for a few minutes like herself again. Afterwards, as soon as the wind had dried the old woman's skin, she put it on again, threw away the lotus-flower, and hobbled back to the farmer's door, before the sun was up.

After a time the Rajah discovered that some one had plucked some of his favourite lotus-flowers. People were set to watch, and all the wise men in the kingdom put their heads together to try and discover the thief, but without avail. At last, the excitement about this matter being very great, the Rajah's second son, a brave and noble young prince (brother to him who had found the elder princess in the forest), said, "I will certainly discover this thief." Now it chanced that several fine trees grew round the tank. Into one of these the young prince climbed one evening, and there he watched all the night through, but with no more success than his predecessors. There lay the lotus plants, still in the moonlight, without so much as a breath of wind coming to break off one of the flowers. The prince began to grow very sleepy, and thought the thief, whoever he might be, could not intend to return. But, in the very early morning, before it was light, who should come down to the tank but an old woman he had often seen near the palace gate? "Ah, ha!" thought the prince, "this then is the thief! but what can this queer old woman want with a lotus-flower?" Imagine his surprise when the old woman sat down on the steps of the tank and began pulling the skin off her face and arms! From underneath the shrivelled yellow skin came the loveliest face he had ever beheld, so fair, so

fresh, so young, so gloriously beautiful, that appearing thus suddenly, it dazzled the prince's eyes like a flash of lightning! "Ah," thought he, "can this be a woman or a spirit, a devil or an angel in disguise?"

The princess twisted up her glossy black hair, and, plucking a red lotus, placed it in it, and dabbled her feet in the water, and amused herself by putting round her neck a string of the pearls that had been her sister's necklace. Then, as the sun was rising, she threw away the lotus, and covering her face and arms again with the withered skin, went hastily away. When the prince got home the first thing he said to his parents was, "Father, mother I should like to marry that old woman who stands all day at the farmer's gate, just opposite." "What!" cried they "the boy is mad! Marry that skinny old thing? You cannot—you are a king's son. Are there not enough queens and princesses in the world that you should wish to marry a wretched old beggar woman?" But he answered "Above all things I should like to marry that old woman. You know that I have ever been a dutiful and obedient son. In this matter, I pray you, grant me my desire." Then, seeing he was really in earnest about the matter, and that nothing they could say would alter his mind, they listened to his urgent entreaties. They sent out the guards, who fetched the old woman (who was really the princess in disguise) to the palace, where she was married to the prince as privately and with as little ceremony as possible for the family were ashamed of the match.

As soon as the wedding was over, the prince said to his wife, "Gentle wife, tell me how much longer you intend to wear that old skin? You had better take it

off; do be so kind!" The princess wondered how he knew of her disguise, or whether it was only a guess of his, and she thought, "If I take this ugly skin off, my husband will think me pretty, and shut me up in the palace and never let me go away, so that I shall not be able to find my sister again. No, I had better not take it off." So she answered, "I don't know what you mean. I am as all these years have made me, nobody can change their skin." Then the prince pretended to be very angry, and said, "Take off that hideous disguise this instant, or I will kill you." But she only bowed her head, saying, "Kill me then, but nobody can change their skin." And all this she mumbled as if she were a very old woman indeed, and had lost all her teeth and could not speak plain. At this the prince laughed very much to himself, and thought, "I'll wait and see how long this mood lasts." But the princess continued to keep on the old woman's skin, and every morning, at about three o'clock, before it was light, she would get up and wash it and put it on again. Then some time afterwards the prince, having found this out, got up softly one morning early, and followed her to the next room, where she had washed the skin and placed it on the floor to dry, and stealing it, he ran away with it, and threw it on the fire.

So the princess having no old woman's skin to put on, was obliged to appear in her own likeness. As she walked forth, very sad at missing her disguise, her husband ran to meet her, smiling and saying, "How do you do, my dear? Where is your skin now? Can't you take it off dear?" Soon the whole palace had heard the joyful news of the beautiful young wife that the prince had won, and all the people, when they saw

her, cried, "Why she is exactly like the beautiful princess our young Rajah married, the jungle lady." The old Rajah and Rani were prouder than all of their daughter-in-law and took her to introduce her to their eldest son's wife. Then no sooner did the princess enter her sister-in-law's room, than she saw that in her she had found her lost sister, and they ran into each other's arms. Great then was the joy of all, but the happiest of these happy people were the two princesses; and they lived together in peace and joy all their lives.

LESSON 17

THE COLONISTS

COME, said the teacher to his boys, I have a new game for you I will be the founder of a colony, and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me What are you, *A* ?

A I am a farmer, sir

T Very well ! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it But you must be a working farmer, and not play at farming

Labourers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plough There will be woods to clear, and marshes to drain, and a great deal of hard work to do

A I shall be ready to do my part, sir

T Well then, I will entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring You shall have land enough, and tools, and you may set to work as soon as you please Now for the next !

B I am a carpenter, sir

T The most necessary man that could offer to come with us We shall find you work enough, never fear There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide But our timber is all growing You will have a great deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like You must be able to cut down trees and not work in your shop only

B I will, sir.

T. Very well: then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you

C. I am a blacksmith, sir.

T. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you, so you may bring your bellows and anvil and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the by, we shall want a mason for that purpose

D. I am one sir

T. That's well. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys and hearths and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks, and burn lime too, you will be still more useful

D. I will try what I can do, sir.

T. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

E. I am a shoemaker, sir.

T. Shoes are things which we cannot well do without. But can you make them out of raw hide? I fear we shall get no leather

E. But I can dress hides, too

T. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, even if I have to give you double wages.

F. I am a tailor, sir

T. Well! though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked. so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending, I hope for we must not mind patching clothes while we work in the woods

F. I am not, sir

T. Then I engage you, too

G. I am a weaver, sir

T. Weaving is a very useful art, but I doubt if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either cotton or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

H. I am a silversmith and jeweller, sir.

T. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

H. But I understand clock and watchmaking, too.

T. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt if we can give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

J. I am a doctor, sir.

T. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

J. I have had experience in that branch too, sir.

T. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, you will be all the more useful.

J. Botany has been a favourite study with me, sir, and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

T. You will be the most useful of all of us, and I shall be able to give you good pay, for you will deserve it.

K. I, sir, am a lawyer.

T. I am pleased to see you, sir. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know

L. I am a soldier, sir. Will you take me ?

T. We are peaceable people, and I hope we shall not have to fight. But we shall want police to protect our homes and keep off thieves and enemies. We will take you with us not to attack other people, but to defend us. And who are you, sir ?

M. Sir, I am a money-lender

T. How can you help us then ? What shall we do with money ?

M. Sir, I will lend you gold and silver at a very low rate of interest

T. You are a funny fellow ! Stay here, and when we want money, we will send someone to you to get it !

LESSON 18

RICH AND POOR

THERE was, in a distant part of the world, a rich man who lived in a fine house and spent his time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants to wait upon him, who treated him with the utmost respect and did whatever they were ordered, and as he had never been taught the truth, nor accustomed to hear it, he grew proud and selfish, imagining that the poor were born only to serve and obey him.

NEAR this rich man's house there lived an honest and industrious poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried rushes which grew upon a piece of marshy ground close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning to night, yet he was always happy, cheerful, and contented. His labour gave him so good an appetite that the coarsest food appeared to him delicious, and he went to bed so tired, that he would have slept soundly even upon the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, polite to everybody, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbours.

THE rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness, and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, he could not eat with pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite, nor take exercise nor go often into the open air. When he was

carried out in his palanquin, he frequently passed by the cottage of the poor basketmaker who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove the baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger. "What!" said he, "shall a low-born fellow that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and



THE BASKETMAKER AND THE RICH MAN

pleased, while I a gentleman, am always melancholy and discontented?" This reflection arose so often in his mind, that at last he began to feel the greatest degree of hatred towards the poor man, and as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, he at last determined to punish the basketmaker for being happier than he was himself.

With this wicked design, he one night gave orders to his servants to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself, and the poor basketmaker was obliged to run out almost naked to save his life.

Imagine the surprise and grief of the poor man when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour whom he had never offended. But as he was unable to punish him for this injustice, he walked on foot to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom, with many tears, he told his pitiful story. The magistrate immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him, and when he found that the oppressor could not deny the wicked act of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man: "As this proud and wicked man has been so pleased with his own importance, I am willing to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is, but for this purpose it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go along with him to the place to which I intend to send you both."

The poor man replied, "I never had much, but the little I once had is now lost. I am entirely ruined, I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry, therefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me, and though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet I should rejoice to teach him more justice and humanity and so prevent his injuring the poor a second time."

The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by rude and savage men, who lived in huts, and got their living by fishing.

As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them, as they had been ordered, and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers. The rich man began to cry and wring his hands in the most abject manner, but the poor basketmaker, who had always been accustomed to hardship and dangers from his infancy, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them and be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs to them that they would do them no harm, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance and showing them several logs, ordered them to carry them to their cabins. They both set about their tasks, and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share, while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to any sort of labour, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages, who were witnesses to this, began to think that the basketmaker would prove very useful to them, and therefore presented him with a large portion of fish and several of their choicest roots, while to the rich man they gave scarcely enough to support him, however, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table.

It happened that one of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine. the basket-

maker pulled up some rushes, and sitting down to work in a very short time produced an elegant wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet. This man was so pleased that he danced and capered for joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basketmaker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion, and with such pleasure were these chaplets considered by the whole nation, that the basketmaker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for the pleasure which he conferred upon them, the grateful savages brought him every sort of food, built him a hut, and showed him every gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the basketmaker's servant and to cut rushes for him.

After having passed some months in this manner, they were again transported to their own country by the orders of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly on the rich man, and said, "Having now taught you how helpless, contemptible, and feeble a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall proceed to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. If I treated you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches that you possess, as you deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence; but hoping that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin."

Upon this, the basketmaker said "I, having been bred up in poverty and accustomed to labour, have no desire to acquire riches which I should not know how to use. all, therefore, that I require of this man is, to put me into the same situation I was in before, and to learn more humanity."

The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity; and having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basketmaker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor and benefiting his fellow creatures.



LESSON 19

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watch'd you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed
How motionless! not frozen seas
More motionless! and then

What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Has found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !
This plot of orchard-ground is ours ,
My trees they are , my sister's flowers ,
Here rest your wings when they are weary ,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
Come often to us, fear no wrong ,
Sit near us on the bough !
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ,
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LESSON 20

THE CLEVER CALIPH

I now determined to pursue my journey to Teheran; but before I ventured to appear as a dervish, I resolved to try my talent in relating a story before an audience. Accordingly, I went to a small open space, that is situated near the entrance of the bazaars, and making the sort of exclamations usual upon such occasions, I soon collected a crowd. A short story touching a barber at Bagdad luckily came into my memory, and, standing in the middle of a circle of louts, I made beginning in the following words

“In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, there lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him, and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad, and as his shop consumed a great deal the wood-cutters brought their loads to him, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale

“It happened one day that a poor wood-cutter, ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood which he had just brought from the country, on his ass. Ali immediately

offered him a price, making use of these words, '*for all the wood that was upon the ass*' The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money 'You have not given me all the wood yet,' said the barber, 'I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain that was our agreement' 'How!' said the other, in great amazement—'who ever heard of such a bargain?'—it is impossible' In short, after many words, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress The latter immediately ran to the cadı and stated his griefs, but the cadı was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case The wood-cutter applied to a higher judge, he also patronized Alı Sakal, and made light of the complaint The poor man then appealed to the muftı himself, who, having pondered over the question, whilst he sipped half a dozen cups of coffee, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, and therefore the wood-cutter must put up with his loss

"The wood-cutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph in person, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque The Caliph's punctuality in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence When he had approached the Caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground, and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. 'Friend,' said the Caliph, 'the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made

by words the former must have its course, or it is nothing, and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man, therefore the barber must keep all his word, but '—then, calling the wood-cutter close to him the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied "

Here then I made a pause in my narrative, and said (whilst I extended a small tin cup which I held in my hand), " Now, my noble audience, if you will give me something, I will tell you what the Caliph said to the wood-cutter " I had excited great curiosity, and there was scarcely one of my hearers who did not give me a piece of money

" Well then," said I, " the Caliph whispered to the wood-cutter what he was to do, in order to get satisfaction from the barber, and what that was, I will now relate The wood-cutter returned to his ass, which was tied outside, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy the dexterity of his hand, and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was ' He is just standing without here,' said the other ' and he shall come in presently ' Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter ' This is my companion,' said he, ' and you must shave him.' ' Shave him ! ' exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise, ' it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking

me to do as much to your ass ? Away with you ', and forthwith drove them out of the shop

"The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, who was admitted to his presence, and related his case. 'Tis well,' said the commander of the faithful, 'bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant,' he exclaimed to one of his officers, and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. 'Why did you refuse to shave this man's companion ?' said the Caliph to the barber, 'was not that your agreement ?' Ali kissing the ground, answered, 'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement, but who ever made a companion of an ass before ? or who ever before thought of treating it like a man ?' 'You may say right,' said the Caliph, 'but at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood ? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.' The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the Caliph and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughter of the bystanders.

"The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with a present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful."

LESSON 21

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE

AMONG the adventures which happened to me in Bombay, two or three may be selected from a multitude to be given here

On one occasion I went to dine and pass the evening with Captain Dickinson, of the Bombay Engineers, in Salsette. The house in which he resided had been a Catholic convent in the time of the Portuguese dominion. It was situated on an elevated rock, and the ascent to it was by a long flight of steps. After dinner, the company retired to the drawing-room for music, and just as some of the party had commenced to sing, the Indian nurse came running in the greatest fright, dragging a little child after her, and exclaiming, "A tiger on the steps! a tiger on the steps!" On rushing to the outer door, two immense tigers were seen stealthily creeping up the flight of steps with noiseless feet and crouching bodies, and we were only just in time to slam the glass-door in the very face of one, who, in a moment more, would have had some victim in his jaws. This caused a chill and shudder to run through all the party, and it was not till the tigers had both disappeared that harmony was restored.

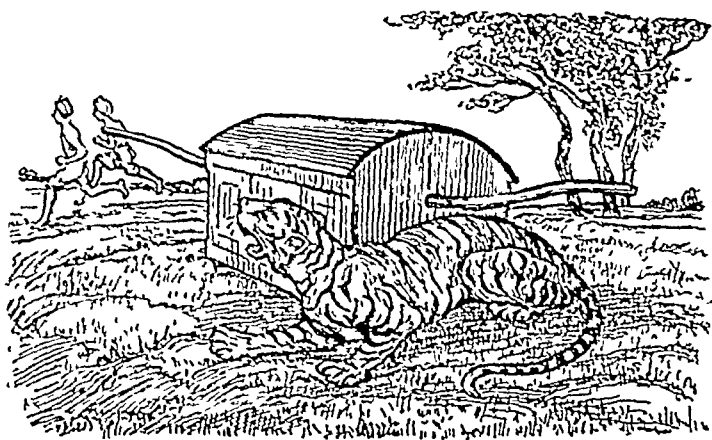
A still narrower escape for myself individually happened on another occasion, not long after this. I had gone to dine at Salsette with Colonel Hunt, the governor of the fort of Tannah, about seven or eight miles from Bombay. As I had an appointment at home in the morning, and the night was remarkably fine with brilliant

moonlight, I declined the hospitable invitation of my host and hostess to remain with them during the night. Ordering my palanquin to be ready at ten o'clock, I left Tannah at that hour for Bombay. A great portion of the way was over a level plain, and while we were in the middle of this, the bearers, of whom there were eight, four to carry, and four for a relay, with two lantern-bearers, in an instant disappeared, scattering themselves in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, all my calling and remonstrance being in vain. On casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savoury morsel to satisfy his hunger.

There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. A palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top has a gentle convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress on an open cane-bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving a palanquin is through a square opening in each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door. This is

usually composed of Venetian blinds to allow the entrance of light and air, and it may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about a palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labour of the bearers, and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much.

All I could do, therefore, was, in the shortest possible space of time, to close the two sliding doors, and lie flat



on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed, before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting were horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends,

and lay perfectly flat,¹ with its cane-bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this, and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odour of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out and devour me.

Another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this time, of course, I was obliged to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself, and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected, and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment and slunk off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence, but it was a full quarter of an hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved.

The next course to be considered was, whether I should get out and walk to Bombay, a distance of four miles, or whether I should again close my doors and remain where I was. I deemed this the safest plan, and remained accordingly. About half an hour after midnight, all my bearers returned with several peons carrying muskets, pistols, and sabres enough to capture and kill a dozen tigers. They made many apologies for

leaving me , but they said that as one of them would have been certain to be seized by the tiger if they had remained, and no one could say which, they thought it best that all should try at least to escape I readily forgave them They then bore me home with more than usual alacrity and I enjoyed my repose all the more sweetly for the danger I had escaped

LESSON 22

TWO POETS OF INDIA

It is always very difficult to understand the mind and thought of two different peoples, it is harder still to be able to write and think in two languages, especially when those peoples are widely distant from one another. But in the case of England and India, there are some writers who have understood the two countries, and have expressed the thought of India so that English men and women can understand it. Among these are the names of the Englishman, Sir Edwin Arnold, and the Bengali poetess, Toru Dutt.

Toru Dutt was, perhaps, not a very great poet, but her work was very delicate and exact, and has a special charm both for Indians and for Englishmen, because of the early death of the writer. She was born in Calcutta in 1856 and died in 1877 at the early age of twenty-one. She came of what is called a "literary" family, for both her father, Govin Chunder Dutt, and her two brothers, were well-known scholars and writers. Toru herself, from the earliest age, showed a love of the English language and English literature. She passed most of her youthful days in a pleasant garden-house on the outskirts of Calcutta, a great deal of her time being spent in reading, and in 1869, when she was thirteen years old, her father decided to take her to Europe.

The first country visited was France, where Toru soon learnt to speak and write French fluently, then after a year, the family proceeded to England, living first in London, and later at Cambridge. In 1873 they returned

to Bengal during the next year Aru Dutt, the younger of the two sisters, died, and Toru was left alone with her books and her writing.

For some time she wrote nothing more than articles for the Calcutta newspapers and made some translations from French into English. A few years later she pub-



TORU DUTT (1856-1877)

lished some of these in a book, which contained some of her sister's work. But her chief book and the one by which she will be known, appeared in 1882, and was called *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*. This book was doubly interesting because it was produced five years after the writer's death. After her death, all her papers were examined, and the poems which had not been already published were brought together in a single

His greatest poem is *The Light of Asia*, which was written in 1878. In this famous work he describes the birth, life and death of Buddha Gautama; and at the same time, he gives a wonderful description of India, that is of Hindu India its scenery, manners and customs. This poem was printed in America in forty separate editions and in England it was equally popular. Thus for the first time in history, a popular description of Hinduism was given to the people of the West, and from the year 1878, India was better known and understood by the English than ever before.

If Sir Edwin Arnold had never written another oriental poem, his services to India would surely have been worthy of the highest reward. He wrote many short poems of Eastern life, one of them a poem of farewell to his Indian friends which should be known to every Indian schoolboy.

India farewell ! I shall not see again
 Thy shining shore, thy peoples of the Sun,
 Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won
 To such quick kindness ! O'er the Arab man
 Our flying flag streams back, and backwards stream
 My thoughts to those fair open fields I love,
 City and village, maidan, jungle, grove,
 The temples and the rivers ! Must it seem
 Too great for one man's heart to say it holds
 So many many Indian sisters dear,
 So many Indian brothers ? that it folds
 Lakhs of true friends in parting ? Nay ! but there
 Lingers my heart, leave-taking, and it roves
 From hut to hut whispering, " He knows, and loves ! "
 Good-bye ! Good-night ! Sweet may your slumbers be,
 Ganga ! and Kasi ! and Sarasvati !

LESSON 23

THE MARAUDERS

This story is told in *Zippa Sattan*, a novel written by Colonel Meadows Taylor. A soldier of fortune with his small retinue and a young attendant, Kasim Ali, defends a village which he finds about to be attacked by a party of Pindaree horsemen.

Soon after some men mounted on ponies arrived, bringing the news that their village had been attacked in the evening by about fifty Pindaree horsemen, who had set fire to the houses after taking all the spoil they could find.

As they were talking the Khan cried out, "What is that?" Kasim Ali looked where his finger pointed, and saw a red light in a village quite near them, which broke forth into a blaze of brilliant fire.

"It must be the Pindarees, and yet none are to be seen," said Kasim.

"They are among the houses," said the Khan. "they will not come out until they are obliged."

He was right, for while all were watching anxiously the progress of the flames, which they could see spreading from house to house, there rushed forth in a tumultuous manner from the opposite side a body of perhaps twenty horsemen, whose long spears, the points of which every instant flashed through the gloom, proved them to be the Pindaree party.

Around the ill-fated village was an open space, upon which bright ground were the dark figures of the horsemen in constant motion, while the forms of persons on foot—evidently the miserable inhabitants, in vain striving to escape—became, as they appeared, objects

of fearful interest. Now many would rush from among the houses, pursued by the horsemen, several would disappear in the darkness, and, they supposed, had escaped, whilst others but too plainly fell, either by the spear-thrusts or under the sword-cuts of the horsemen.

"This is hard to bear!" exclaimed Kasim, "to see those poor creatures butchered in cold blood, and yet have no means of striking a blow in their defence!"

"It would be impossible for us to do any good," said the Khan, "suppose they were to come on here after they had finished yonder, I see nothing to prevent them."

"Yes, Khan, they will come," said the village Patel, who had joined them in the tower.

"We had as well be fully prepared," said the Khan, "have you any cannon?"

"We have two," said the Patel of the village.

"Run then and bring them here,—also what powder you can find, and alarm the village Kasim," he continued, "wait here, there is a room in the tower—thither I will bring the women and children, and what valuables we have with us. I do not fear danger, but we had better be prepared."

"Sound the alarm!" cried the Khan to some men below, who, bearing a large drum and a brass horn, had assembled ready for the signal. "If the horsemen hear it, it will tell them we are on the alert."

In a short time all was arranged: the women and children were in places of safety; and on the summit of the tower about twenty men, for whom there was ample room, were posted, all well armed with guns. The two small cannons were loaded, a good many men were stationed around the foot of the tower, and all were

ready to give whatever should come a very warm reception

While they wondered which way the horsemen would come, a few of the wretched inhabitants of the village



which had been destroyed came running to the foot of the tower

“Defend yourselves! defend yourselves!” they cried with loud voice, “the Pindarees are upon you—they will be here immediately!”

There was not a word spoken. Even the women were still, and the children—now and then only the wail of an infant would be heard from below. All looked with straining eyes towards the north side, and the best marksmen were placed there under the direction of Kasim.

“Hark!” said Kasim at length, “what is that?”

They all listened more attentively, the village dogs—first one, then all—barked and howled fearfully.

“They come!” cried the Khan, “I have been too long with bodies of horse not to know the tramp.”

“Now every man look to his aim!” cried Kasim, cheerfully, “half of you fire. And you below, fire if you see them.”

Almost as he spoke the scouts they had sent out set fire to the thatch of an old house by the village gate; and in a few moments it burst into a blaze, shewing up distinctly the body of horsemen who were rapidly advancing over the open space before the village.

The Pindaree horsemen did not perceive the trap which had been prepared for them. They thought that the fire was accidental, and on they came at a fast gallop,—fifty, perhaps, wild figures brandishing their long spears, and with loud shouts they dashed forward! The light shone broad on their muffled faces and on the gay red cloth saddles, and glanced from their spear-points and other weapons.

They were close to the burning hut, when Kasim, whose gun had been steadily aimed, resting upon the parapet, fired. The leader reeled back in his saddle, waved his sword wildly in the air and fell. Shot after shot, rapid and well directed, soon began to tell upon the party of advancing horsemen.

“They have had enough, I think, Khan,” said Kasim,
 “they are drawing off”

And they were indeed. The plundering band, unprovided with guns, could make little impression on a village so well defended, and hastily turned about their horses. Those who had remained below were informed of this by the village head-man who had descended, and, led by him, they quickly advanced to the edge of the village, whence they could fire without exposing themselves.

“Who will strike a blow with Kasim Ali?” cried the youth, who was not now to be controlled. “Come, who will?—there are the horses saddled below”

He hurried down the steps, followed by several of the Khan’s men. Throwing themselves on their horses they dashed after the fugitives.

They soon cleared the village, and what followed was intensely watched by the Khan.

“Look! he is upon them now, and three of my men after him. See—one goes down beneath that cut!” for they saw the sword of Kasim flash in the light. “He is beside another, the fellow cuts at him. Well parried! now give it him!”

A few scattered shots here and there, which were further and further removed every moment, showed that the marauders were retreating, and soon the men began to return one by one. In a few minutes they saw Kasim Ali and his companions approaching quietly, which assured them there was no more danger and the party had retired beyond the limits of safe pursuit.

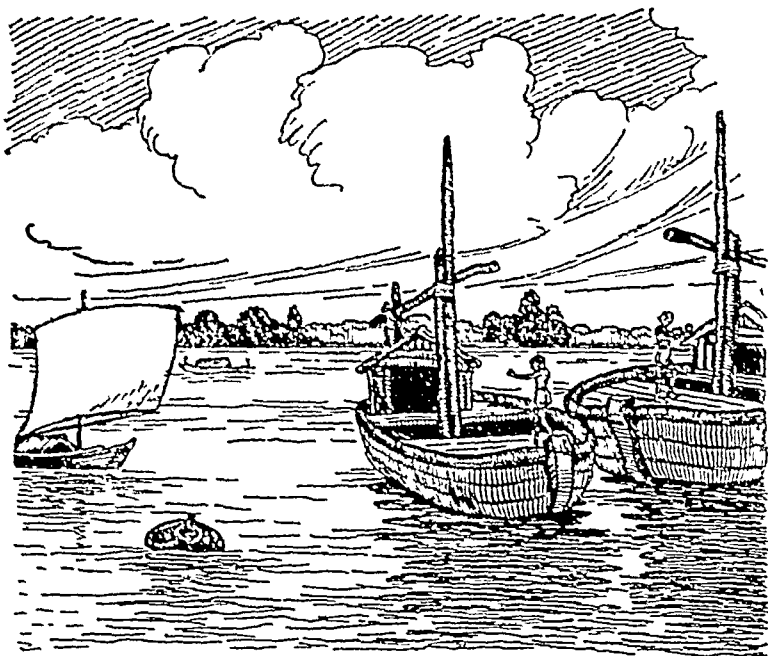
As Kasim and his companions rode up, they were greeted with hearty congratulations on their success, and the Khan was loud in his praises.

LESSON 24

THE GANGES

VAST as a sea the Ganges flows,
And fed by Himalaya's snows,
Or rushing rains, with giant force
Unwearied runs its fated course ,
The banks that skirt its lengthened way
Boundless variety display ,
The barren sand, the fertile mound
With maze of flowery thicket crowned ,
The spacious plain, that waving corn,
Orchards, or fragrant groves adorn ,
Whilst towns and hamlets intervene
And gild with life the changing scene
But nature's chiefest bounties fall
To thy productive fields, Bengal
And thine own honours fairest show
Where Bhagirathi's waters flow
In many a rich and lovely scene
Invested with unfading green ; •
Upon the margin of the river
The leafy grove is verdant ever ,
Dark is the Mango's foliage spread ,
Erect the tall Palm lifts its head ,
Broad the Banana waves and bright ,
Graceful the Bambu bends and light ;
And here, by Indian faith revered,
The Pipal's twisted trunk is reared
Nor want we animation—rife
Is all around, with busy life

Upon the bosom of the tide
Vessels of every fabric ride
The fisher's skiff, the light canoe
That from a single trunk they hew ,
The snake and peacock modelled boat.
In Eastern pageant sent afloat



The heavy barge—the ponderous bark,
Huge, lumbering, like another ark .
The Bajra broad, the Bhoja trim,
Or Pinnaces that gallant swim
With favouring breeze—or dull and slow
Against the heady current go
Close to the marge the cattle browse,
Or trail the rudely fashioned ploughs

The buffalo, his sides to cool,
Stands buried in the marshy pool
The wild duck nestles in the sedge
The crane stands patient on the edge,
Watching to seize its finny prey,
Whilst high the skylark wings its way,
And in the shadow of a cloud
Warbles its song distinct and loud
Scattered across the teeming plain
In groups, the peasants glean the grain,
The sickle ply, or wield the hoe,
Or seed for future harvests sow
Grave in the tide the Brahman stands,
And folds his cord, or twirls his hands,
And tells his beads, and all unheard
Mutters a solemn mystic word
But chief do India's simple daughters
Assemble in these hallowed waters
And still with pious fervour they
To Ganga veneration pay,
And with pretenceless rite prefer
The wishes of their hearts to her.

LESSON 25

CRUSOE AND THE SAVAGES

I was surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed. I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in barbarous gestures and figures round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword. At that very moment, the other poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty and unbound, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me. I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him, and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold on for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

It came into my mind that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately fetched my two guns, and placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first as much frightened at me as at them, but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back, and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed. Rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece, I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear, though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a space towards him: but as he came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me, so I was then compelled to shoot at him first which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who had fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way; then stopped again, and then a little further, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the sign of

encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve



steps, in token of acknowledgment for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to

him to come still nearer at length he came close to me and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot set my foot upon his head this, it seems was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could

But there was more work to do yet, for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself. so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead Upon this, my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword which hung naked in a belt by my side, which I did He no sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other savage so far off so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him, so I bade him go, as well as I could When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, turning him first on one side, then on the other, and looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed, but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead

He took up his bow and arrows, and came back, so I turned to go away and beckoned him to follow me I took him to my cave, on the further part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of berries

to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running, and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

LESSON 26

HYMN TO INDRA

God of the varied bow !
God of the thousand eyes !
From all the winds that blow
Thy praises rise ,
Forth through the world they go,
Hymning to all below
Thee, whom the blest shall know,
Lord of the skies !

Rending the guilty town,
Leading celestial hosts,
Hurling the demons down
To the drear coasts
Still with thy lightning frown
Winning thee wide renown,
Till the wild water drown
All their proud boasts
Whom thy dread weapon finds,
Striking the mark afar,
Them thy just anger binds
In the fierce war
Rebels ! their frenzied minds
Thus thine illusion blinds,—
Seven times seven winds
Wafting thy car

So by the five-fold tree,
Where the bright waters run,
We vho impart

Heedfully shun,
In Amaravati,
Indra, shall dwell with thee,
From earth's pollution free,
When life is done
God by the gods obeyed,
Hear thou our feeble cry !
Lend us thy sovereign aid,
Lord of the sky !
Of our fierce foes afraid,
Fainting, distressed, dismayed,
To thy protecting shade
Hither we fly

WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

LESSON 27

THE ORDER OF VALOUR

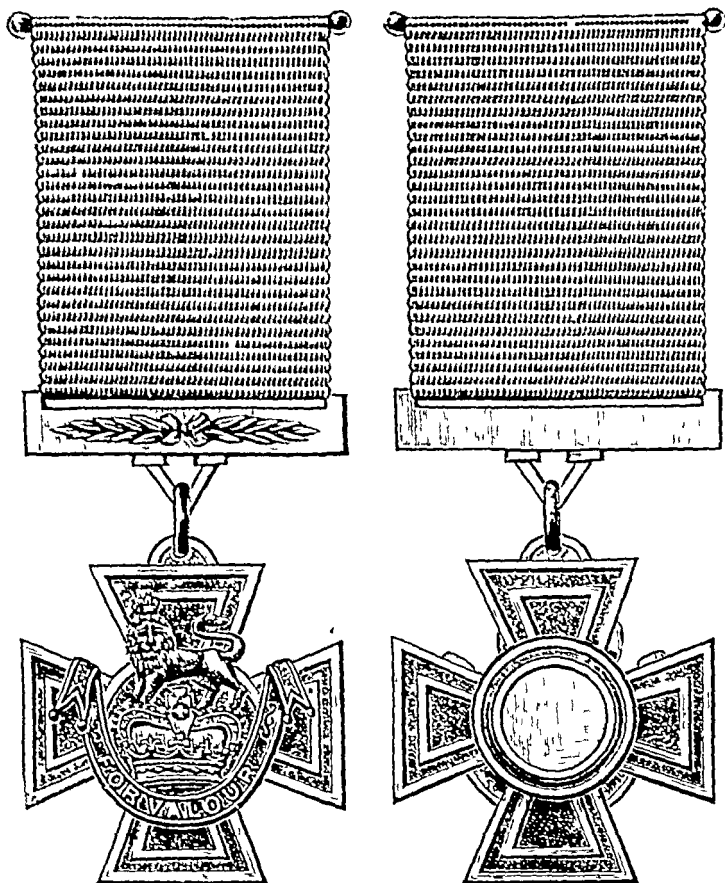
HERE is a picture of the most famous decoration in the British Empire. This is a military and naval decoration, and it is known as the Victoria Cross.

As several Indian soldiers possess this, the most coveted honour in the armies of the Empire, all Indian schoolboys should know something of its history. In 1854 England and Russia were at war. This war was fought chiefly in the Crimea, a peninsula in the Black Sea, and several fierce battles took place, and many deeds of valour and self-sacrifice were performed. In this war occurred the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, which Lord Tennyson has made immortal in his great poem, a poem which many Indian boys recite in school. Perhaps you remember its concluding lines

When can then glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd !
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

When so much had been done by the soldiers of the Empire, it was thought fitting to create some special reward to commemorate deeds of conspicuous bravery. At this time Queen Victoria was on the throne of England; and in 1856 a new decoration was designed and called the VICTORIA CROSS.

It was ordered that this should be conferred on the officers and men of all ranks both in the army and the navy as a recognition of personal bravery. The cross in itself is not a thing of value. It is not made of gold,



nor is it studded with gems. It was rightly thought that, like the ancient wreath of laurel, its value lay in the glory of the deeds which it commemorated. The cross is made of bronze, and it is one and half inches in diameter. In its centre is the Royal Crown of Eng-

land surmounted by a lion, and beneath this is the inscription "For Valour" On the other side, shown on the right of the picture, there is space to give the name and rank of the soldier possessing the cross This is written on the bar just below the ribbon, and the date of his deed of bravery is inscribed in the centre of the cross The ribbon is red or blue If the possessor is a soldier, he wears a red ribbon, if a sailor, he wears one of blue

In 1911 our King-Emperor, George the Fifth, came to India He held his famous *Durbar* at Delhi, and this ancient city is now the Imperial Capital of India During this *Durbar* he ordered that the Victoria Cross should no longer be confined to the soldiers of the British army but should be given to Indian soldiers as well At that time His Imperial Majesty did not know that within three years his whole Empire would be engaged in the most terrible war in history, and that English and Indian troops would be fighting side by side in France, Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia In this great war of 1914-18 Indian soldiers did deeds of splendid valour, and ten of them received the coveted decoration of the Victoria Cross

As you all know, the great war affected every class of people in the Empire Not only soldiers by profession, but civilians both men and women, combined to defeat the enemies of the King-Emperor For this reason, in 1920 a royal warrant was issued which stated that the Victoria Cross should be given to civilians as well as to soldiers Many nurses had risked their lives in the war, and to them this great decoration might be suitably awarded During the course of the war six hundred and thirty-three crosses were given by the King Emperor

This decoration is never lightly awarded. It is felt by all that something sacred attaches to this order of valour. Perhaps the name of the great Queen-Empress, Victoria adds to the sacred character of the cross.

You have read about Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of *The Light of Asia*, and one of India's best friends. When the cross was first awarded, he was so moved by the ideas which it conveyed that he wrote the following.

Thus saith the Queen ! " For him who gave
His blood as water in the fight,
So he from Russian wrong might save
My crown, my people, and my right
Let there be made a cross of bronze
And grave thereon my queenly crest
Write VALOUR on its haughty scroll,
And hang it on his breast "

Thus said the Land ! " He who shall bear
Victoria's cross upon his breast,
In token that he did not fear
To die, had need been, for her rest .
For the dear sake of her who gives,
And the high deeds of him who wears,
Shall high or low, all honour have
From all, through all his years "

How delighted this poet would have been to learn that in 1911 the King-Emperor, the grandson of Queen Victoria, had extended this decoration to the Indian army. Still more delighted would he have been to know the names of the brave Indian soldiers who are now privileged to wear it, and to learn of their deeds of valour both in France and Mesopotamia.

LESSON 28

THE ISLAND OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

(From ANSON'S *Voyage Round the World*)

On the 9th of June, we first descried the Island of Juan Fernandes, at eleven or twelve leagues distance. And though, on this first view, it appeared to be a very mountainous place, extremely rugged and irregular, yet as it was land, and the land we sought for, it was to us a most agreeable sight. because at this place only we could hope to put a period to those terrible calamities we had so long struggled with, which had already swept away above half our crew, and which, had we continued a few days longer at sea, would inevitably have completed our destruction. We were by this time reduced to so helpless a condition that out of two hundred and odd men who remained alive we could not, taking all our watches together, muster hands enough to work the ship in an emergency, though we included the officers, their servants, and the boys.

However, on the 10th, in the afternoon, we got under the lee of the island, and kept ranging along it, at about two miles distance, in order to look out for the proper anchorage, which was described to be in a bay on the north side. Being now nearer in with the shore, we could discover that the broken, craggy precipices, which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were far from barren being in most places covered with woods, and that between them there were everywhere interspersed the most valleys, clothed with a most beautiful

verdure and watered with numerous streams and cascades no valley of any extent being unprovided with its proper rill. The water, too, as we afterwards found, was not inferior to any we had ever tasted, and was constantly clear.

The aspect of this country, thus diversified, would, at all times, have been extremely delightful; but in our distressed situation, languishing as we were for the land and its vegetable productions (an inclination constantly attending every stage of the sea-scurvy), it is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the greens and other refreshments which were then in sight, and particularly the water, for of this we had been confined to a very sparing allowance for a considerable time.

Having proceeded thus far, and got our sick on shore, I think it necessary before I enter into any longer detail of our transactions, to give a distinct account of this island of Juan Fernandes, its situation, productions, and all its conveniences. Indeed, Mr Anson was particularly industrious in directing the roads and coasts to be surveyed, and other observations to be made, knowing from his own experience of how great consequence these materials might prove to any British vessels hereafter employed in those seas.

The island of Juan Fernandes lies in the latitude of $33^{\circ} 40'$ south and is a hundred and ten leagues distant from the continent of Chili. It is said to have received its name from a Spaniard, who formerly procured a grant of it, and resided there some time with a view of settling on it, but afterwards abandoned it. The island itself is of an irregular figure. Its greatest extent is between

four and five leagues, and its greatest breadth somewhat short of two leagues. The only safe anchoring at this island is on the north side, where are the three bays mentioned above, but the middlemost, known by the name of Cumberland Bay, is the widest and deepest, and in all respects much the best, for the other two, denominated the East and West bays, are scarcely more than good landing-places, where boats may conveniently put their casks on shore.

The northern part of this island is composed of high craggy hills, many of them inaccessible, though generally covered with trees. The soil of this part is loose and shallow, so that very large trees on the hills soon perish for want of root and are then easily overturned. This occasioned the unfortunate death of one of our sailors, who being upon the hills in search of goats, caught hold of a tree upon a declivity to assist him in his ascent, and thus giving way he immediately rolled down the hill and though in his fall he fastened on another tree of considerable bulk, yet that too gave way and he fell amongst the rocks, and was dashed to pieces.

The southern part of the island is widely different from the rest, being dry, stony, and destitute of trees, and very flat and low compared with the hills on the northern part. This part of the island is never frequented by ships, being surrounded by a steep shore, and having little or no fresh water, and, besides, it is exposed to the southerly wind, which generally blows here the whole year round and in the winter sometimes very hard.

The trees of which the woods on the northern side of the island are composed, are most of them aromatic, and of many different sorts. There are none of them of a size to yield any considerable timber, except the myrtles.

trees, which are the largest on the island, and supplied us with all the timber we made use of, but even these would not work to a greater length than forty feet. The top of the myrtle-tree is circular, and appears as uniform and regular as if it had been clipped by art. It bears on its bark an excrescence like moss, which in taste and smell resembles garlic, and was used by our people instead of it. We found here too the pimento-tree, and likewise the cabbage-tree, though in no great plenty. And besides a great number of plants of various kinds, which we were not botanists enough either to describe or attend to, we found here almost all the vegetables which are usually esteemed to be particularly adapted to the cure of those disorders which are contracted by salt diet and long voyages.

To the vegetables I have already mentioned, of which we made perpetual use, I must add that we found many acres of ground covered with oats and clover. There were also some few cabbage-trees upon the island, as was observed before, but as they generally grew on the precipices, and in dangerous situations, and as it was necessary to cut down a large tree for every single cabbage, this was a dainty that we were able but rarely to indulge in.

The excellence of the climate and the looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation, for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and radishes. Mr Anson therefore having with him garden-seeds of all kinds, and stones of different sorts of fruits, he, for the better accommodation of his countrymen who should hereafter touch here, sowed both lettuces, carrots, and other garden plants, and set in

the woods a great variety of plum, apricot, and peach stones. and these last, he has been informed, have since thriven to a very remarkable degree

It remains now only that we speak of the animals and provisions which we met with at this place. Former writers have related that this island abounded with vast numbers of goats, and their accounts are not to be questioned, this place being the usual haunt of the buccaneers and privateers who formerly frequented those seas. And there are two instances—one of an American Indian, and the other of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who were left here by their respective ships, and lived alone upon this island for some years, and consequently were no strangers to its produce

Selkirk, who was the last, after a stay of between four and five years, was taken off the place by the *Duke* and *Duchess* privateers of Bristol, as may be seen at large in the journal of their voyage. His manner of life during his solitude was in most particulars very remarkable, but there is one circumstance he relates, which was so strangely verified by our own observation, that I cannot help reciting it. He tells us, amongst other things, that as he often caught more goats than he wanted he sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened that the first goat that was killed by our people at their landing had his ears slit, whence we concluded that he had doubtless been formerly under the power of Selkirk. This was indeed an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceedingly majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of antiquity. During our stay on the island we met with others marked in the same manner, all the males being distinguished

by an exuberance of beard and every other characteristic of extreme age

I remember we had once an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt a herd of these animals and a number of dogs, for going in our boat into the eastern bay, we perceived some dogs running very



eagerly, and being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our oars some time to view them, and at last saw them take to a hull, where looking a little further, we observed upon the ridge of it a herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception

There was a very narrow path skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted

himself fronting the enemy, the rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open. As this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they ran up-hill with great alacrity, yet when they came within about twenty yards of him, they found they durst not encounter him (for he would infallibly have driven them down the precipice), but gave over the chase, and quietly laid themselves down, panting at a great rate. These dogs, who are masters of all the accessible parts of the island, are of various kinds, some of them very large, and are multiplied to a prodigious degree. They sometimes came down to our habitations at night, and stole our provisions, and once or twice they set upon single persons, but assistance being at hand they were driven off without doing any mischief. As at present it is rare for goats to fall in their way, we conceived that they lived principally upon young seals.

The seals, numbers of which haunt this island, have been so often mentioned by former writers that it is unnecessary to say anything particular about them in this place. But there is another amphibious creature to be met with here, called a sea-lion, that bears some resemblance to a seal, though it is much larger. This, too, we ate under the denomination of beef, and as it is so extraordinary an animal, I conceive it well merits a particular description.

They are in size, when arrived at their full growth, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from eight to fifteen in circumference. They are extremely fat, so that after having cut through the skin, which is about an inch in thickness, there is at least a foot of fat before you can come at either lean or bones, and we experienced more

than once that the fat of some of the largest afforded us a butt of oil

Their skins are covered with short hair, of a light dun colour, but their tails and their fins, which serve them for feet on shore are almost black; their fins or feet are divided at the ends like fingers, the web which joins them not reaching to the extremities, and each of these fingers is furnished with a nail. They have a distant resemblance to an overgrown seal, though in some particulars there is a manifest difference between them, especially in the males. These have a large snout or trunk hanging down five or six inches below the end of the upper jaw, which the females have not, and this renders the countenance of the male and female easy to be distinguished from each other, and, besides, the males are of a much larger size. The largest of these animals, which was found upon the island, was the master of the flock, and from his driving off the other males, and keeping a great number of females to himself, he was by the seamen ludicrously styled the Bashaw.

These animals divided their time equally between the land and sea, continuing at sea all the summer, and coming on shore at the setting in of the winter, where they reside during that whole season. In this interval they engender, and bring forth their young, and have generally two at a birth, which they suckle with their milk, they being at first about the size of a full-grown seal.

During the time these sea-lions continue on shore, they feed on the grass and verdure which grow near the banks of the fresh-water streams, and, when not employed on feeding, sleep in herds in the most mury places they can find out. As they seem to be of a very lethargic dis-

position, and are not easily awakened, each herd was observed to place some of their males at a distance, in the nature of sentinels, who never failed to alarm them whenever any one attempted to molest or even to approach them, and they were very capable of alarming, even at a considerable distance, for the noise they make is very loud, and of different kinds, sometimes grunting like hogs, and at other times snorting like horses in full vigour

We killed many of them for food, particularly for their hearts and tongues, which we esteemed exceeding good eating, and preferable even to those of bullocks. In general, there was no difficulty in killing them, for they were incapable either of escaping or resisting, as their motion is the most unwieldy that can be conceived, their blubber, all the time they are moving, being agitated in large waves under their skins. However, a sailor one day being carelessly employed in skinning a young sea-lion, the female from whence he had taken it came upon him unperceived, and getting his head in her mouth, she with her teeth scored his skull in notches in many places, and thereby wounded him so desperately, that, though all possible care was taken of him, he died in a few days.

But that which furnished us with the most delicious repasts at this island remains still to be described. This was the fish with which the whole bay was most plentifully stored, and with the greatest variety. For we found here cod of prodigious size, and by the report of some of our crew, who had been formerly employed in the Newfoundland fishery, not in less plenty than is to be met with on the banks of that island. The only interruption we ever met with arose from great quantities of

dog-fish and large sharks, which sometimes attended our boats and prevented our sport. Besides the fish we have already mentioned, we found here one delicacy in greater perfection, both as to size, flavour, and quantity, than is perhaps to be met with in any other part of the world. This was sea crayfish, they generally weighed eight or nine pounds apiece, were of a most excellent taste, and lay in such abundance near the water's edge, that the boat-hooks often struck into them in putting the boat to and from the shore.

LESSON 29

THE RAINS

Who is this that driveth near,
 Heralded by sounds of fear ?
 Red his flag, the lightning's glare
 Flashing through the murky air,
 Pealing thunder for his drums.
 Royally the monarch comes
 See, he rides, amid the crowd,
 On his elephant of cloud,
 Marshalling his kingly train,
 Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain !
 Gathered clouds as black as night
 Hide the face of heaven from sight,
 Sailing on their airy road,
 Sinking with their watery load.
 Look upon the woods, and see
 Bursting with new life each tree
 Look upon the river side
 Where the fawns in lilies hide

See, the peacocks hail the ram,
Spreading wide their jewelled train ,
They will revel, dance, and play
In their wildest joy to-day
Bees, that round the lily throng,
Soothe us with their drowsy song ,
Towards the lotus-bed they fly ;
But the peacock, dancing by,
Spreads abroad his train so fair,
That they cling, deluded, there
Oh, that breeze ! his breath how cool !
He has fanned the shady pool
He has danced with bending flowers,
And kissed them in the jasmine bowers
Every sweetest plant has lent
All the riches of its scent,
And the cloud who loves him flings
Cooling drops upon his wings

R T H GRIFFITH

LESSON 30

A ROYAL HUNTSMAN

“A HUNT, a hunt!” cried all, and the words were taken up and passed from rank to rank, from regiment to regiment, down the long column, until all knew of it, and were prepared to bear their part in the royal sport. Preparations were begun as soon as the army arrived at its halting-place, men were sent forward for information of game, all the inhabitants of the country round were collected by the irregular horse to assist in driving it towards one spot, where it might be attacked.

For a day previously, under the active superintendence of the royal huntsman, the beaters, with parties of matchlock and rocket-men, took up positions all round a long and narrow valley, its sides were thickly clothed with wood, but it had an open space at the bottom through which it was possible to ride, though with some difficulty, on account of the long and rank grass. The ground was soft and marshy in places, and had been, at one time, cultivated with rice, as appeared by the square levels constructed so as to contain water. Large clumps of bamboos arose to an enormous height here and there, their light foliage waving in the wind, and giving them the appearance of huge-bunches of feathers among the other dense trees by which they were surrounded. Where the ground was not marshy, it was covered with short sward, in some places green, in others parched by the heat of the sun. The sides of the valley arose steeply for five or six hundred feet, sometimes presenting a richly coloured declivity, from which hung the graceful leaf of the wild plantain, creepers innumerable, smaller bam-

boos, and other light and graceful foliage, amongst which were mingled the huge leaf and sturdy stem of the teak

Upon the back of that noble white-faced elephant, Hyder (which was taken at the siege of Seringapatam, and still adorns, if he be not recently dead, the processions of the present Nizam), in a *howdah* of richly chased and carved silver, lined with blue velvet, sat Tippoo—his various guns and rifles supported by a rail in front of him, and ready to his hand. Only one favourite attendant accompanied him, who was in the seat behind, and had charge of his powder and bullets. The Sultan's dress was quite plain, and, except for his peculiar turban, he could not have been distinguished.

His *cortège* was gorgeous beyond imagination. As soon as the usual beat of the kettle-drums had announced that he had mounted his elephant, all who had others allowed them hurried after him, dressed in their gayest clothes and brightest colours. Fifty or sixty elephants were there of that company, all rushing along close together in a body at a rapid pace. Around them was a cloud of irregular cavalry, who, no longer fettered by any kind of discipline, rode tumultuously, shouting, brandishing spears and matchlocks, and occasionally firing their pistols in the air. The hoarse kettle-drums sent forth their dull booming sound, mingled with the trampling of the horses, and at times the shrill trumpeting of the elephants. The army had cast aside its uniform for the day, officers and men were dressed in their gayest and most picturesque apparel—turbans and waistbands, and vests of every hue, and armed with weapons of all kinds, swords and shields, matchlocks and heavy broad-bladed spears, such as had not these, brought their own muskets and ammunition.

At first no game was seen, except the wild hog of the country, which in hundreds arose from their resting-places, ran hither and thither confusedly among the crowd—sometimes upsetting and seriously wounding a man or two; or a timid deer occasionally, unable to escape up the sides and terrified by the din, tried to break the line and perished in the attempt. Innumerable peafowl arose, and with loud screaming flew onwards, or alighted upon the sides of the glen, and thus escaped, and birds of every plumage darted from tree to tree, large flocks of parakeets flew screaming into the air, and after wheeling rapidly once or twice alighted further on, or rising high took at once a flight over the shoulder of the glen and disappeared.

At length two huge black bears were roused from their den among some rocks which overhung the little stream, and with loud roars, which were heard by all, strove to pass through the line, they were met by the swords and shields of fifty men upon whom they rushed, and, though they strove gallantly for their lives and wounded several, they were cut to pieces.

The party had now proceeded about half way, and there was before the Sultan's elephant a patch of dry rank grass which reached above its middle—even above old Hyder's, who far exceeded all the rest in height, it was of small extent, however, and was already half surrounded by elephants with their gay *howdahs* and more gaily dressed riders.

"Hold!" cried the Sultan, "we would try this alone, or with only a few, it is a likely place. Come, Khan, and you Meer Sahib, and you Syud Ghuffoor, see what you can do to help us now, Kasim Ali, prove to me that thou canst shoot."

They had not gone many yards, when Hyder, who led, raised his white trunk high into the air, giving at the same time one of those low growls which proved there was something concealed before him “*Shabash, Hyder!*” cried the Sultan, “thou shalt eat *goor* for this, get on, my son, get on!”

The noble beast seemed almost to understand him, for he quickened his pace even without the command of the Mahout. At that moment a rocket, discharged from the side, whizzed through the grass before them. The effect was instantaneous, two beautiful tigers arose at once. One of them stood for an instant, looking proudly around him, and lashing his tail as he surveyed the line of elephants, several of which were restless and cowardly, the other tried to sneak off, but was stopped by a shot which turned him, and with a terrific roar, which sounded clear far above the din of the beaters, it charged the nearest elephant. It was beaten off, however, receiving several shots, and was then followed by a crowd of the hunters.

Kasim and the Khan had a mind to pursue it too, but the former's attention was at once attracted to the Sultan, who, having fired and wounded the other tiger had been charged by it, and had just fired again, he had missed, however, and the animal, excited to fury, had sprung at old Hyder—a far different foe to that his companion had attacked. Hyder had received the onset firmly, and as the tiger strove to fasten upon his shoulders had kicked him off, but at the second charge, when the Sultan could not fire, the tiger had seized the elephant's leg, and was tearing it with all the energy of rage, which now defied his exertions to shake him off.

In vain did the Sultan try to fire, he could see the



tiger only for a moment at a time, and as Hyder was no longer steady, he again missed his aim. Kasim was,

however, near, and with others was anxiously watching his opportunity to fire, but ere he could do so, one of the men on foot, a stout brawny soldier, with sword drawn and his buckler on his arm, and to whom death had no terror in comparison with gaining distinction under the Sultan's own eye, dashed at the tiger, and dealt him a fierce blow on the loins. The blood gushed forth, and the brute, instantly quitting his hold, turned upon the man with a roar which appalled all hearts, the latter met him manfully, but was unskilful, or the beast was too powerful. All was the work of an instant—the tiger and the man rolled upon the ground—but only one arose; the lacerated and bleeding body of the brave fellow lay there, his features turned upwards to the sun, and his eyes fixed in the leaden stare of death. Now was Kasim's opportunity, as the tiger looked around him for an instant to make another spring—he fired, the brute reeled a few paces to the foot of the Sultan's elephant, fell back, and his dying struggles were shortened by the vigorous kicks of the old elephant, who bandied the carcass between his legs like a football.

“*Bus ! bus !* old Hyder,” cried the Sultan, who had been soundly shaken. “Enough ! enough ! he is dead—thanks to thy friend yonder,—what ! not satisfied yet ? Well, then, this to please thee,” and he fired again. It was apparently sufficient, for the noble beast became once more composed.

While the Mahout dismounted to examine the elephant's wounds, the Sultan made some hurried inquiries regarding the man who had been killed. No one, however, knew him, so directing his body to be borne to the rear, and the Mahout having reported that there was no injury of consequence done to Hyder, the Sultan,

and with him the whole line, once more pressed forward

As he passed Kasim, the Sultan now greeted him heartily "Thou didst me good service, youth," he cried. "but for thee my poor Hyder would have been sorely hurt. Enough—look sharp! there may be more work for thy gun yet."

So indeed there was. at every step, as they advanced, the quantity of game appeared to increase. another bear was aroused, and, after producing a vast deal of merriment and shouting, was slain as the former ones had been. Several hyænas were speared or shot, guns were discharged in all directions at the deer and hogs which were everywhere running about, and bullets were flying, much to the danger of those engaged in the wild and animated scene. indeed one or two men were severely wounded during the day.

Suddenly, when they had nearly reached the head of the glen the Sultan, who was leading stopped. the others hastened after him, as fast as the flock crowd would allow, and all beheld a sight which raised their excitement to the utmost. Before them, on a small open spot, under a rock, close to the right side of the glen, stood three elephants, one a huge male, the others a female and her calf of small stature.

No one spoke—all were breathless with anxiety, for it was impossible to say whether it would be advisable to attack the large elephant where he stood or to allow him to advance. The latter seemed to be the more prevalent opinion, and the Sultan awaited his coming, while he hallooed to those in advance to urge him on. The noble monarch of the forest stood awaiting his foes—his brethren, who were thus trained to act against him. His small red eyes twinkled with excitement, his

looks were savage, and he appeared almost resolved upon a rush, to endeavour to break the line and escape, or perish. He did not move, but stood holding a twig in his trunk, as if in very excess of thought he had torn it down and still held it. However, there was no time for consideration. As the Sultan raised his gun to his shoulder several shots were fired, and the noble beast, impelled by rage and agony, rushed at once upon the nearest elephant among his enemies. A shower of balls met him, but he heeded them not. He was maddened, and could feel only his desire for revenge. In vain the Mahout of the elephant that was attacked strove to turn his beast, which had been suddenly paralysed by fear; but the wild one appeared to have no revengeful feelings against his fellow. While they all looked on, without being able to afford the least aid, the wild elephant had seized in his trunk the Mahout of the one he had attacked, wheeled him round high in the air, and dashed him upon the ground. A cry of horror burst from all present, and a volley of bullets were rained upon him, it had the effect of making him drop the body. But though sorely wounded, he did not fall, and retreating, he passed from their sight into the thick jungle.

The crowd hurried on; their excitement had reached almost a kind of madness, and the reward offered by the Sultan, and the hope of his favour, had operated as a powerful stimulus. Everyone scrambled to be first, horsemen and foot, and those who rode the elephants, all in confusion, and shouting more tumultuously than ever. All other game was disregarded in the superior excitement; even two panthers, who, roused at last, savagely charged everybody and everything they came near, were hardly regarded, and were killed after a

desperate battle by those in the rear. Those in the van still hurried on—the Sultan leading, the Khan and Kasim as near to him as etiquette would allow, and the rest everywhere around them.

They were close to the top of the glen, the murmur of the fall could sometimes be heard when the shouting ceased for an instant, and its white and sparkling foam glistened through the branches of some noble teak trees which stood around the little basin. The ground underneath them was quite clear, so that the elephants could advance easily.

“He is there—I see him!” cried the Sultan, aiming at the wounded elephant, and firing.

The noble animal came thundering on with his trunk uplifted, roaring fearfully, followed by two others, one a large female, who had a small calf with her, not larger than a buffalo, the other a male not nearly grown. It was a last and desperate effort to break the line, the blood was streaming from fifty wounds in his sides, and he was already weak, with that one effort he had hoped to have saved himself and the female, but in vain. As he came on, the Khan cried hurriedly to Kasim, “Above the eye! above the eye! you are sure of him there.” He was met by a shower of balls, several of which hit him in the head. He seemed to stagger for a moment, his trunk, which had been raised high in the air, dropped, and he fell, his limbs quivered for an instant, and then he lay still in death. Kasim’s bullet had been too truly aimed.

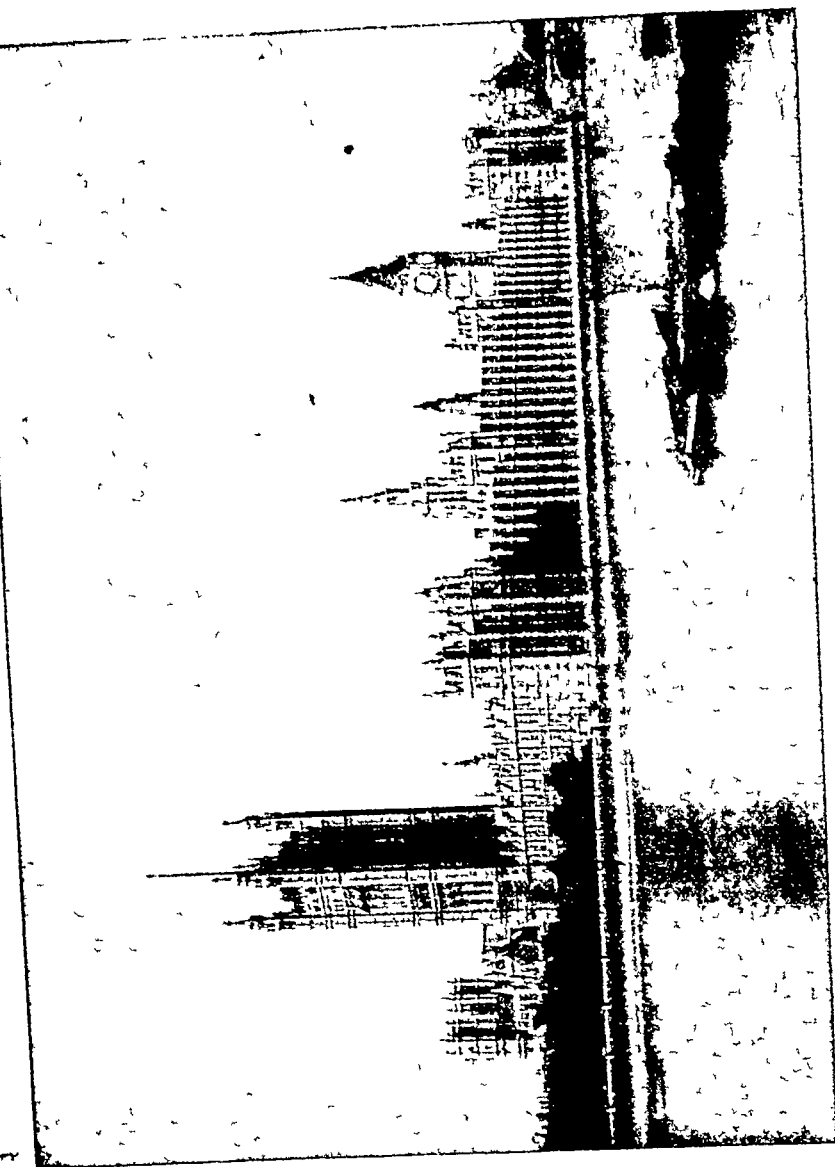
LESSON 31

LONDON, THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE

THE history of London is the history of England, for, ever since the earliest days it has been the centre of Government, the chief port in the country, and the centre of trade. At the time when Britain was part of the Roman Empire it was an important fort, being situated at a point where the river Thames was fordable, and the great Roman road which begins near Dover (the point nearest the continent of Europe) and crosses England from South-west to the North, passed through it.

There is, however, very little left in London which is really old, for in the year 1666 a disastrous fire destroyed over thirteen thousand houses, and with them the old Cathedral of St Paul's. The City was rebuilt under the guidance of Sir Christopher Wren, who was also the architect of the present St Paul's, and to-day it can certainly claim to be not only the greatest, but one of the finest and most beautiful of the world's great cities. A stranger, on his first arrival in London, is not likely to realise this, for the English climate for at least half the year is not congenial, and the first impression that a foreigner has is one of dirt and noise and smoke.

When he has learnt a little more about the Capital, however, and if he has been favoured with bright sunny weather, he will find two features which give London its peculiar charm. The first of these is the great number of open spaces and parks. Within a few minutes' walk from Piccadilly Circus, which is London's real centre (and not the business centre) are no less than four vast



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Photo Reginald Haines

open spaces, St James's Park, The Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens. These parks are planted with noble trees, and there are beautiful lakes and gardens, which from early spring to late autumn are blazing with glorious flowers. But this is not all. Further from the centre are other parks. Regent's Park, with the famous Zoological Gardens, Greenwich, where the Royal Observatory is, and which gives the time to the whole world, being on Meridian 0° , Kew Gardens, one of the finest Botanical Gardens in the world, and certainly the most famous, Hampstead Heath, where Londoners crowd in thousands on holidays, and others further afield, at Dulwich, Richmond, Hackney (in the East End), Battersea, and Highgate. Not only are these open public spaces beautiful in themselves, but they very considerably help to make London the most healthy of all the cities in the world.

The second feature is the number and magnificence of the Public Buildings. Of these the two most important are churches, St Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. Here he buried the great men who made England what she is to-day, while in Westminster Abbey are the tombs of the Kings and Queens of England, and also the "Unknown Warrior," a nameless hero of whom nothing is known except that he died fighting for the sake of his King and Country against Germany and her allies.

Next among noble buildings would be the Museums and Picture Galleries, some large, some small, but all among the best of their kind. The British Museum, some years ago, was found so much too small for all its treasures, that now only part is in the original building at Bloomsbury, while other enormous branches of it have been built at South Kensington, especially the Victoria



THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND BANK

Photo W. S. Campbell

and Albert Museum, which contains works of art from all parts of the world, and the Natural History Museum

The buildings which perhaps are of greatest interest to strangers, are the Houses of Parliament, which are shown in the illustration of this lesson. On the right you will see the clock-tower with the famous "Big Ben" the large tower on the left is that of the House of Lords. Behind this tower and in the distance are two of the towers of Westminster Abbey, which is only a few yards off. From Parliament Square, on which the Houses of Parliament look a long broad street, known as Whitehall, leads northward. Here are all the important Government Offices, the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the War Office, and the India Office.

In the second of the two pictures you will see the Royal Exchange (in the centre), and the Bank of England (on the left). Notice how thick and constant the flow of traffic is. So many vehicles are constantly passing each way, and so many streets meet here, that subways have been built beneath them, to enable foot-passengers to cross the road. The picture shows the busiest part of London, what is always known as "The City". It is only a small part of the whole of the Capital, but in many ways it is the most important, for it is the business centre. The City is only about four square miles in area and has very few permanent residents, for almost the whole space is occupied by offices of all kinds. Curiously, it is in the City that St. Paul's Cathedral is situated, while just outside the boundaries is the Tower of London, an ancient fortress and prison said to have been built by William the Conqueror, now no longer a fort but a national Museum, containing among other things, some splendid armour and the Crown Jewels.

Modern London, with its suburbs, covers an area of about 700 square miles, and its population is something under 9,000,000. It will, therefore, be understood that the traffic is enormous. An extensive system of underground railways (or "tubes") has been built, with trains running every two or three minutes and taking passengers to all parts. On the surface there are trams and motor-omnibuses, the bright-red colour of which makes a pleasant contrast with the drab buildings.

The City is the business part of London. The East End, which in itself is an enormous city, is the manufacturing district, while the West End contains the chief shops, the theatres, picture galleries, and parks.

Such is London, which is both the Capital of the British Empire and the commercial centre of the World.

LESSON 32

HYMN TO GOD

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see .
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening shades of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine

THE present revision follows, in the main, the lines of the original series, the chief differences being as follows :

(1) An alteration in the order of the lessons, which are now arranged in an order of progressive difficulty : the omission of the harder lessons.

(2) A simplification of the language, both in Prose and in Poetry.

(3) The laying of greater stress on the Linguistic aspect.

(4) The teaching of Grammar, systematically but inductively and by means of illustrative sentences. The example before the Rule. Omission of Parsing and Analysis.

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THE REVISED
MODERN INDIA
READERS

BOOK FIVE

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PREFACE FOR TEACHERS

THIS book, the fifth in the series after the Primer, has been compiled very much on the lines of Book IV, and the suggestions made there as to the method to be adopted by the teacher apply here also. In either case the aim should be the enlargement of the pupils' vocabulary, and the teaching of fluency in writing simple, direct, modern English, rather than (as in the case of some of the older text-books) the understanding of "difficult" passages taken from the works of stylists

At the same time it must be remembered that an ability to handle the language can only be achieved through a broadening of the pupils' mental outlook. For this reason the lessons on Modern Science, The Motor Car, and Flying have been retained, and expanded, on the one hand; on the other, those on the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabs, have been modified. It should, however, be borne in mind that these lessons are not, primarily, either Science, or History, Lessons. The Words are more important than the Facts.

The selections of poetry may be objected to on the score of length, but criticisms have been received from various quarters that the poetry taught in Indian schools is often too far remote from the language of everyday speech or writing to have any real practical value. The language of the selections given here is at least simple and direct.

The new lessons in this book have been selected from modern writers of the standing of Ruskin, Borrow, Browning, and Matthew Arnold.

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LESSON 1

MARCO POLO

THE name of Marco Polo is one of the most famous in the history of travel. To him the nations of Europe owed their first real knowledge of the East. He lived in the thirteenth century, that period in our own history when the Slave Kings ruled at Delhi. Now at that time the people of Europe knew little or nothing of eastern countries. India was little more than a name to them. Merchants carried on trade with the East, and tales of oriental splendour were common, but no one had travelled through such countries as India or China and written down a full account of what he saw.

Little is known of the private life of Marco Polo. He was the son of Nicolo, and the nephew of Maffeo, Polo, themselves famous travellers, and was by birth a Venetian. At the time when he lived Venice was a great and powerful city. Her sea-trade was enormous, and her commerce with the Near East considerable. About 1298 Marco was taken prisoner by the Genoese, the rivals of the Venetians, and in the city of Genoa he wrote the wonderful story of his oriental travels. In 1325 he died.

About the year 1260 his father and uncle, traders in Constantinople, had left that city and journeyed across the Black Sea to Bokhara. Thence they had entered China and had been well received by the famous Kublai Khan. This great prince, the lord of all the Tartars, was

the sole monarch of China, Tibet, Tartary, and Burma. He was of Mongolian blood, and he lives in history as a wise and powerful king. To him the Venetians spoke of the religion and customs of the West. Kublai Khan sent them back to Europe as envoys to the Pope at Rome with the request that a hundred learned Europeans might be sent to his court. This mission was not successful, but in 1271 the two Polos again set out for the East. On this second journey they took with them Marco, then a youth of seventeen years, and reached the court of Kublai in 1275. For the next twenty years they travelled in various parts of Asia, amassing wealth and closely observing the manners and customs of the East. All this labour and adventure would have been useless had not Marco carefully written down the story of his travels when he lay a prisoner in Genoa.

The second journey to the court of Kublai is told by Marco as an eye-witness. The travellers came to Ormuz at the head of the Persian Gulf. From this town they went overland to Balkh, near the upper waters of the river Oxus. The last stage of their great journey lay through China to Peking. It is hard for us to understand how difficult an undertaking this was to the Venetians. The roads were nowhere safe. They were strangers in an unknown country, and they had to pass through difficult tribes and to hear many strange tongues. But to the bravery of these men Europe owes its first detailed description of the East.

The travellers passed through Armenia and Bagdad, and sailed down the Persian Gulf to Ormuz. This was a trading port, and was famous for its silk and gold, its gems, ivory, furs and fruits. Here the Polos tried to find a ship that would sail round Southern Asia and so

bring them to China. No such vessel could be found, and young Marco having fallen sick from the great heat, they decided to move overland to cooler regions. A pleasanter climate awaited them at Balkh, which Marco describes as a beautiful and wealthy region. Here he



MARCO POLO

found rubies, horses and falcons, and rich harvests of wheat and barley. Here he recovered his strength for the third stage of his wonderful journey.

This began with the crossing of the Pamir plateau with its wild hills and fierce lonely tribesmen. Samarkand and Kashgar were visited, and then the travellers

had to face the formidable desert of Gobi, described by Marco as a desolate waste, haunted by evil spirits. Through the lands of the Tartar tribes they now journeyed, and we are told of these clever warlike people who dressed in furs and in cloth of gold and silk. They were expert bowmen and excellent horsemen, and were swift and terrible in battle. After visiting the city of Kanchan, the travellers pressed on to Shangtu, where Kublai himself received them. Here was a magnificent palace and hunting park, a place of ease and pleasure, and to this welcome city Marco and his relatives came in the summer of 1275.

The Venetians lived at the Mongolian court for seventeen years, and Kublai seems to have used them as officers of state. Marco set himself to learn the languages of the Mongol Empire. He was already a hardy and experienced traveller, and the Emperor made use of him on many missions of diplomacy. He travelled widely through the various Chinese provinces, and on one occasion visited Indo-China. Kublai was an able ruler with a wide and curious turn of mind. He loved to hear of strange people and to see objects of interest. This desire the young Venetian could easily satisfy, and he was rewarded by the governorship of a province. But while rising in favour at court Marco kept his eyes open for the wonders of the East, and he brought back with him to Europe a fully detailed account of the life of China. The city of Pekin was described as a place of great wealth, strength and beauty. He was astonished to see the Chinese using as fuel black stones brought from the hills. This was coal, the secret of which had been known in China long before the Christian era. The splendour of the Mongol court and of cities other than Pekin was

described in a way to arouse the interest of the nations of the West

Marco, however, did more than speak of China. After long service with Kublai he and his relatives determined to return to their own home. It happened that Kublai was about to send a bride to his nephew, who ruled on the Persian border. The lady had to go by sea, and the Polos were appointed to accompany her. They were now sailors, and their long journeys by land were at an end. Marco speaks of the island of Zipangu, or Japan, which was rich in gold. But this he did not visit. The expedition sailed south-west to Java, reached Ceylon, an island of great wealth in gems, and thence to the Coromandel coast. He speaks of the pearl fisheries and of gold and gems. He studied the people and described their life with care. He witnessed the rite of *Sati*, and noted the vegetarian habits of the people, and the crowds of beggars. He visited many Indian states on the West Coast and visited Madagascar and Abyssinia before turning north to the Persian Gulf. In Persia they found that Kublai's nephew, Arghun, for whom they had brought a bride, was dead. The lady with whom they had travelled for so many months by land and sea was given to Arghun's successor, and the Venetians sought passports to carry them through Persia to Europe.

Now a strange experience befell them. When they reached their native city they found themselves strangers. Their houses were occupied and they were refused admittance. Soon, however, they were able to make clear that they were the Polos, returned from a sojourn of twenty years in the heart of Asia, and bringing proofs of their story in the jewels hidden in the lining of their coats.

Marco Polo did two great things. The first was to perform a journey of enormous extent in country quite unknown to European travellers. The second was to describe this journey in such a way as to arouse the interest of all Europe. His book of travel, which was written in French, set men dreaming of the riches and splendour of the East, and inspired them to great adventure.

LESSON 2

A GREAT ORIENTAL MONARCH

KUBLAI KHAN—from *The Travels of Marco Polo*.

THE Grand Khan usually resides during three months of the year, namely, December, January and February, in the great city of Kanbalu, situated towards the north-eastern extremity of the province of Cathay, and here, on the southern side of the new city, is the site of his vast palace, the form and dimensions of which are as follows. In the first place is a square enclosed with a wall and deep ditch, each side of the square being eight miles in length, and having at an equal distance from each extremity an entrance-gate, for the concourse of people resorting thither from all quarters. Within this enclosure there is, on the four sides, an open space one mile in breadth, where the troops are stationed, and this is bounded by a second wall, enclosing a square of six miles, having three gates on the south side, and three on the north, the middle portal of each being larger than the other two, and always kept shut, excepting on the occasions of the emperor's entrance or depar-

ture Those on each side always remain open for the use of common passengers.

In the middle of each division of these walls is a handsome and spacious building, and consequently within the enclosure there are eight such buildings, in which are deposited the royal military stores; one building being appropriated to the reception of each class of stores Thus, for instance, the bridles, saddles, stirrups, and other furniture serving for the equipment of cavalry, occupy one storehouse; the bows, strings, quivers, arrows, and other articles belonging to archery, occupy another, cuirasses, corselets, and other armour formed of leather, a third storehouse, and so on Within this walled enclosure there is still another, of great thickness, and its height is full twenty-five feet

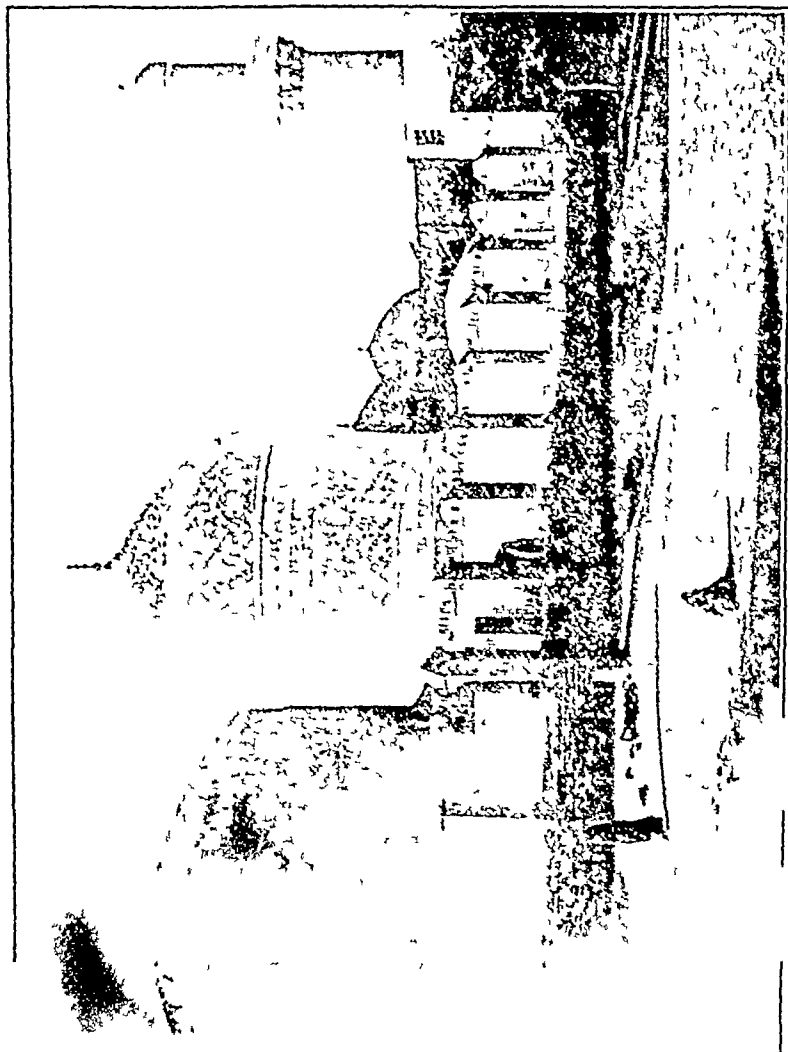
The battlements or parapets are all white This also forms a square four miles in extent, each side being one mile, and it has six gates, disposed like those of the former enclosure It contains in like manner eight large buildings, similarly arranged, which are appropriated to the wardrobe of the emperor The spaces between the one wall and the other are ornamented with many handsome trees, and contain meadows in which are kept various kinds of beasts, such as stags, the animals that yield the musk, roe-bucks, fallow-deer, and others of the same class Every interval between the walls, not occupied by buildings, is stocked in this manner The pastures have abundant herbage The roads across them are raised three feet above their level, and paved No mud collects upon them, nor rain-water settles, but on the contrary runs off, and contributes to improve the vegetation

Within these walls, which constitute the boundary of

four miles, stands the palace of the grand khan, the most extensive that has ever yet been known. It reaches from the northern to the southern wall, leaving only a vacant space (or court), where persons of rank and the military guards pass and repass. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty. The paved foundation or platform on which it stands is raised ten spans above the level of the ground, and a wall of marble, two paces wide, is built on all sides, to the level of this pavement, within the line of which the palace is erected, so that the wall, extending beyond the ground plan of the building, and encompassing the whole, serves as a terrace, where those who walk on it are visible from without. Along the exterior edge of the wall is a handsome balustrade, with pillars, which the people are allowed to approach.

The sides of the great halls and the apartments are ornamented with dragons in carved work and gilt, figures of warriors, of birds, and of beasts, with representations of battles. The inside of the roof is contrived in such a manner that nothing besides gilding and painting presents itself to the eye.

On each of the four sides of the palace there is a grand flight of marble steps, by which you ascend from the level of the ground to the wall of marble which surrounds the building, and thus constitutes the approach to the palace itself. The grand hall is extremely long and wide, and admits of dinners being there served to great multitudes of people. The palace contains a number of separate chambers, all highly beautiful, and so admirably disposed that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement in the system of their arrangement. The exterior of the roof is adorned with a variety of colours, red, green,



MOSQUE OF KAMMAM, BAGDAD

azure, and violet, and the sort of covering is so strong as to last for many years. The glazing of the windows is so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal.

On the morning of a festival, before the tables are spread, all the princes, the nobility of various ranks, the cavaliers, astrologers, physicians, and falconers, with many others holding public offices, the prefects of the people and of the lands together with the officers of the army, make their entry into the grand hall, in front of the emperor. Those who cannot find room within, stand on the outside of the building, in such a situation as to be within sight of their sovereign.

The assemblage is marshalled in the following order. The first places are assigned to the sons and grandsons of his majesty and all the imperial family. Next to these are the provincial kings and the nobility of the empire, according to their several degrees, in regular succession.

When all have been disposed in the places appointed for them, a person of high dignity, or as we should express it, a high priest, rises and says with a loud voice : " Bow down and do reverence ", when instantly all bend their bodies until their foreheads touch the floor. Again the priest cries : " God bless our Lord, and long preserve him in the enjoyment of felicity " To which the people answer . " God grant it "

Once more the priest says " May God increase the grandeur and prosperity of his empire , may he preserve all those who are his subjects in the blessings of peace and contentment , and in all their lands may abundance prevail " The people again reply " God grant it " They then make their prostrations four times. This being done, the priest advances to an altar, richly

adorned upon which is placed a red tablet inscribed with the name of the grand khan. Near to this stands a censer of burning incense, with which the priest, on behalf of all who are assembled, perfumes the tablet and the altar, in a reverential manner, when every one present humbly prostrates himself before the tablet.

This ceremony being concluded, they return to their places, and then make the presentation of their respective gifts. When a display has been made of these, and the Grand Khan has cast his eyes upon them, the tables are prepared for the feast, and the company, women as well as men, arrange themselves there in the manner and order described in a former chapter.

Upon the removal of the victuals, the musicians and theatrical performers exhibit for the amusement of the court. But on this occasion a lion is conducted into the presence of his majesty, so tame that it is taught to lay itself down at his feet. The sports being finished, every one returns to his own home.

When His Majesty holds a grand and public court, those who attend it are seated in the following order. The table of the sovereign is placed before his elevated throne, and he takes his seat on the northern side, with his face turned towards the south, and next to him, on his left hand, sits the Empress. On his right hand, upon seats somewhat lower, are placed his sons, grandsons, and other persons connected with him by blood, that is to say, who are descended from the imperial stock. The seat, however, of Chingis, his eldest son, is raised a little above those of his other sons, whose heads are nearly on a level with the feet of the Grand Khan.

In the middle of the hall, where the Grand Khan sits

at table, there is a magnificent piece of furniture, made in the form of a square coffer, each side of which is three paces in length, exquisitely carved in figures of animals, and gilt. It is hollow within, for the purpose of receiving a capacious vase, shaped like a jar, and of precious materials, calculated to hold about a tun, and filled with wine. On each of its four sides stands a smaller vessel, containing about a hogshead, one of which is filled with mare's milk, another with that of the camel, and so of the others, according to the kinds of beverage in use. Within this buffet are also the cups or flagons belonging to his majesty, for serving the liquors. Some of them are of beautiful gilt plate. Their size is such that, when filled with wine or other liquor, the quantity would be sufficient for eight or ten men. Before every two persons who have seats at the tables, one of these flagons is placed, together with a kind of ladle, in the form of a cup with a handle, also of plate, these are to be used not only for taking the wine out of the flagon, but for lifting it to the head. This is observed as well with respect to the women as the men.

The numerous persons who attend at the sideboard of His Majesty, and who serve him with victuals and drink, are all obliged to cover their noses and mouths with handsome veils or cloths of worked silk, in order that his victuals or his wine may not be affected by their breath. When drink is called for by him, and the page in waiting has presented it, he retires three paces and kneels down upon which the courtiers, and all who are present, in like manner make their prostration. At the same moment all the musical instruments, of which there is a numerous band, begin to play, and continue to do so until he has ceased drinking, when all the

company recover their posture ; and this reverential salutation is made so often as his majesty drinks.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the victuals, because it may well be imagined that their abundance is excessive. When the repast is finished, and the tables have been removed, persons of various descriptions enter the hall, and amongst these a troop of comedians and performers on different instruments, as also tumblers and jugglers, who exhibit their skill in the presence of the Grand Khan, to the high amusement and gratification of all the spectators. When these sports are concluded, the people separate, and each returns to his own house.

LESSON 3

THE STORY OF PANDŌRA (1)

I THE WONDERFUL BOX

LONG, long ago, when this old world was very young, there was a boy who never had either father or mother, and that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him, and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandōra.

The first thing that Pandōra saw when she entered the cottage where the boy dwelt was a great box, and almost the first question which she put to him, after entering, was this

“ What have you in that box ? ”

“ My dear little Pandōra,” answered he, “ that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any

questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains.

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandōra. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied the boy.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Pandōra, pouting her lip. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

It is thousands of years since these two children were alive, and the world nowadays is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child.

There needed no fathers or mothers to take care of the children, because there was no danger or trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree.

It was a very pleasant life indeed. No labour to be done, no tasks to be studied, nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or singing like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarrelled among themselves, neither had they any crying fits, nor since time first began had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner and sulked. Oh, what a good time was that to be alive in!

The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters called Troubles, which are now so many in number, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is very likely that the greatest trouble which a child had ever known was that of Pandōra when she found herself unable to discover the secret of the box.

"Whence can the box have come?" she kept saying

to herself and to her playfellow, "and whatever can be inside of it?"

"Always talking about this box!" said he at last, for he had grown very tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandōra, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandōra pettishly.

"Well, then," said the boy, who was a very good-tempered child, like most children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandōra. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time! I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said fifty times over, I do not know," replied he, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandōra, looking sideways at him, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandōra, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed the boy.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been placed in his care on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandōra thought it best not to ask it again. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied he, "just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and clever,

and who could hardly keep from laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of a cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandōra

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw! It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so well that I at first thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandōra thoughtfully, "nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver, and he brought me here as well as the box. No doubt he meant it for me, and perhaps it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat."

"Perhaps so," answered her playfellow, turning away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandōra, as her playmate left the cottage.

After he was gone, Pandōra stood gazing at the box. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandōra could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box because of this.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the edge there were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amongst the flowers and leaves, but here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved leaves, Pandōra once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, which stole the beauty out of all the rest.

On looking more closely, however, and touching the spot with her finger, she could not discover it. Some face that was really beautiful had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideways glimpse of it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the centre of the lid.

Pandōra had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The face indeed wore a very lively and rather naughty look, and seemed ready to burst into words.

Had the mouth spoken it would perhaps have said something like this :

“Do not be afraid, Pandōra ! What harm can there be in opening the box ? Never mind that poor, simple boy ! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty.”

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened, not by a lock, but by a very strange knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot and no beginning. Never was a knot so cleverly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs, which not even the most skilful fingers could untie.

And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandōra was the more tempted to examine the knot and just see how it was made. Two or three times already she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without actually trying to undo it.

“I really believe,” she said to herself, “that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There could be no harm in that,

surely No one would blame me for that I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without that foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied "

It might have been better for Pandōra if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so as not to be always thinking of this one thing But children led so easy a life before any troubles came into the world, that they had really a great deal too much time to spare

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way It gave her so much to think of, and to talk about whenever she had anybody to listen !

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside What could it be, indeed ? Just think, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be if there were a great box in the house which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts

Pandōra was sure that there was something very beautiful in the box, and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls here around me would have felt.

On this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity grew much greater She was more than half determined to open it if she could Ah, naughty Pandōra !

First, however, she tried to lift it It was heavy, much too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandōra She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again with a pretty loud thump

A moment afterwards she almost fancied that she

heard something stir inside of the box. She bent down as closely as possible and listened. There seemed to be a kind of murmur within. Or was it merely the singing



SHE BENT DOWN AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE AND LISTENED.

in Pandōra's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she heard anything or not. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord

“ It must have been a very clever person who tied this knot,” said Pandōra to herself “ But I think I could untie it. I will, at least, find the two ends of the cord ”

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and looked into it as sharply as she could Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in trying to undo it

Meanwhile the bright sunshine came through the open window, as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance Pandōra stopped to listen What a beautiful day it was ! Would it not be wiser if she were to let the troublesome knot alone and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows and be happy ?

LESSON 4

INDIA AT WAR (1)

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there

THESE verses were written nearly two centuries ago by a

famous English poet, William Collins, and they express the reverence which we feel towards those who fight and die in a noble cause. Honour and Freedom, says the poet, are glad to visit the graves of those who have fallen for their sake.

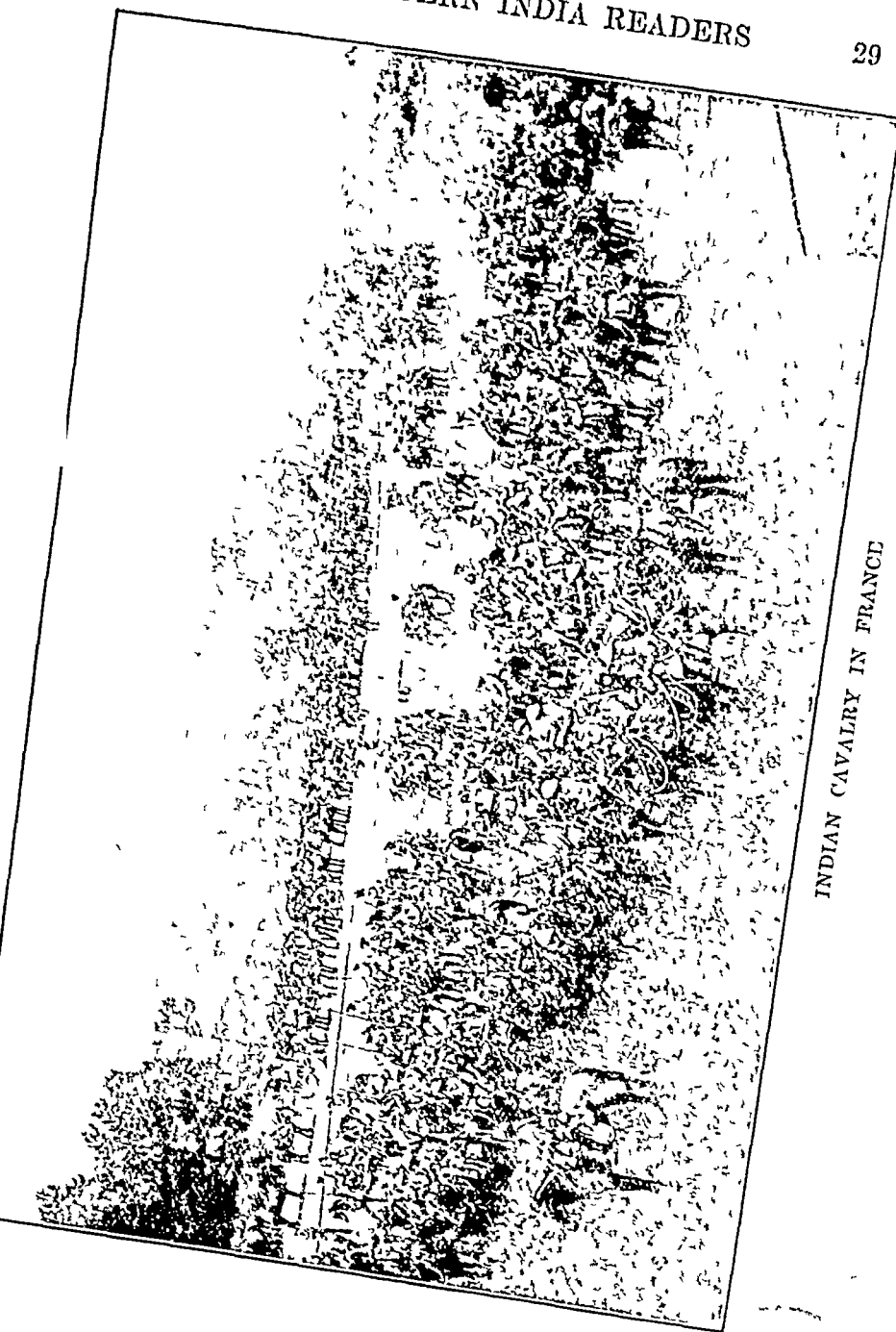
Now our own land of India has recently been at war. She has fought a great battle for freedom. As you know, India is part of the British Empire, and when the Empire went to war in 1914 with Germany and the allies of Germany, India was not slow to take her part in this struggle. So famous were the events of this war, and so far-reaching have been its results, that every Indian boy should know something of its history.

Germany in 1914 was a great and powerful country. She had many rulers in the past, and many great statesmen who had raised her to prominence in Europe. Her scientists and scholars were distinguished throughout the world, and she had studied the art of war as the most important thing in the life of a nation. In 1870 she had defeated the armies of France, and under the rule of her young Emperor, William II, who was an arrogant and ambitious man, she dreamed of conquering the chief nations of Europe and of taking their foreign possessions for herself. Although the English admired the Germans in many ways, they were unable to prevent the growth of hostile feeling which Germany had towards England. Germany was a jealous nation. She looked abroad over the world and saw how English trade had spread far and wide. She saw the fine colonies of Canada, South Africa and Australia, and desired these places for her own purposes. And, more than anything else, she thought of our own land of India and greedily desired it for her own. Once established in India,

Germany thought she would rule the whole of Asia, and then, in truth, she would have been the richest and most powerful country on earth

When the rulers of a nation have such ideas as these, it is easy to find an excuse for war. This excuse was found in the summer of the year 1914. The heir to the throne of Austria had been assassinated, and for this wicked deed the Austrians blamed Serbia, a small country in the Balkan Peninsula. Although small, this country had a powerful position, long coveted by Germany and her ally, Austria. The situation was now serious, because Russia objected to Austria attacking Serbia. If Germany, Austria and Russia went to war, then it was almost certain that France and England, the allies of Russia, would be forced to take part. This is what really happened, but the blame lies with Germany. In 1914 she was great and powerful. If she had said "No, war is a terrible evil, and we will not fight," then peace could have been assured. But Germany desired war for her own selfish ends, and she began campaigns against France and Russia.

Now let us look carefully at our map of Europe. On the north-east of France lies the little country of Belgium, and by herself, encircled by the sea, stands England. What was England going to do? Germany knew that the English army was very small, at that time not more than two hundred thousand men, and she knew also that England hated war. Now the English had pledged themselves to protect the small country of Belgium from invasion. No foreign army, it had been arranged between France, Germany and England many years earlier, could cross her frontiers. Belgium had to remain neutral in the event of war between France and Germany.



INDIAN CAVALRY IN FRANCE

But Germany thought that her best way into France lay through Belgian territory, and she sent her invading armies into that small country, thus breaking her solemn promise. England had no alternative. She told Germany plainly that her invasion of Belgium would mean war, and that England's honour meant more to her even than the peace and prosperity which she then enjoyed. What a tremendous decision for England to make! The King-Emperor knew that his people would support him because his cause was right and just. He declared war, the greatest war in the history of the world, on the 4th of August, 1914.

This date is now one of the most important in history. England, true to her promise and with justice on her side, had now to prevent Germany from fulfilling her wicked and selfish ambition. The conquest and mastery of the world were the aims of Germany. What was the aim of England? It is best expressed thus: *England desired the freedom of the world.*

England at war meant the Empire at war. Soon Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India were vying with each other to help their King-Emperor. In a brief lesson we cannot tell what each of these great dominions did to help England, but we must learn something of the brave deeds done by our Indian soldiers, and of the help given by the whole land of India to the King-Emperor.

LESSON 5

INDIA TO ENGLAND

O ENGLAND ! in thine hour of need,
When faith's reward and valour's need
Is death or glory ,

When Fate indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiff'ning hand,
A nation's story ,

Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp,
On victory's field ,

Yet turn, O mighty Mother ! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield !

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee !

'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice,
When first they heard the living voice
Of liberty !

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to honour, glory, fame,
And sunk in strife,

Thou found'st them, whom thy touch hath made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
A nobler life !

They, whom thy love hath guarded long
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith ,

Their heart-strings round thy heart entwine ,
They are, they ever will be thine
In life—in death !

NAWAB NIZAMAT JUNG BAHADUR

LESSON 6

INDIA AT WAR (2)

THE war that began in 1914 is now known as the *Great War*. The name is a suitable one, because many millions of soldiers were engaged in it and vast sums of money were spent on munitions. It has also been called the *War of the Nations* and the *World War*, because almost every great country on the globe took part, at one time or another, in the struggle.

Let us now see what part was taken by India. At the beginning of the war the heaviest fighting was in France. Here the flower of the French, English and German armies were engaged, and to this centre the Indian troops were despatched over seas. This was a great adventure for the Indian army, to visit Europe and to fight alongside of the English and French soldiers. It was also a very severe test of courage and endurance. The style of fighting was quite new in the history of war, fighting from the cover of wet trenches that were exposed to the terrible shell fire of the German gunners. The climate of Europe in winter is very bad. It is cold and damp with little or no sunshine, and the Indian



SEPOY KHUDA DAD KHAN, V C

B

troops were put to great hardship. But this they faced cheerfully, they fought splendidly and made many friends in England and in France. They did not stay long in Europe, for the war soon spread to the East, where the climate and the food were more suited to their manner of life, and soon they found themselves in Egypt, in Mesopotamia and in Africa.

Germany had long been making advances to Turkey. She knew that when war began, the help of the Turks would be necessary to enable her to reach Asia Minor and India. The Turks made a great mistake in listening to Germany. England had been the old ally of Turkey, and, if the Germans had won the war, they would have treated the Turks like a subject people, and made them do whatever suited the German plans. But the Turks actually became the allies of the Germans, and so the British and Indian armies soon found themselves fighting against Turkish soldiers in Egypt and Mesopotamia. This portion of the war was directed by Germany, and many German officers were sent to drill and command the Turkish troops.

If you look carefully at your map you will see how important to the British Empire is Egypt, with its famous Suez Canal, and Mesopotamia, with its great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, which bring trade to the Persian Gulf and to India. In both these regions the Indian armies did well. They defended the Suez Canal from the Turks who attacked it from the east side, and then, under the great English soldier, General Allenby, they advanced across the desert and drove the Turks out of Palestine, capturing the sacred city of Jerusalem. In Mesopotamia, also, they had long and hard fighting, but in the end they defeated their enemies and took the

ancient city of Bagdad, famous in the stories of the *Arabian Nights*

Now look again at your map Africa has provided several European nations with colonies, and in 1914 the Germans owned what was called German East Africa This is a very large territory with much wild country that made a military campaign a severe test of courage and endurance In this region the Indian and British troops fought long against the Germans They won a decisive victory, and German East Africa is now a part of the British Empire

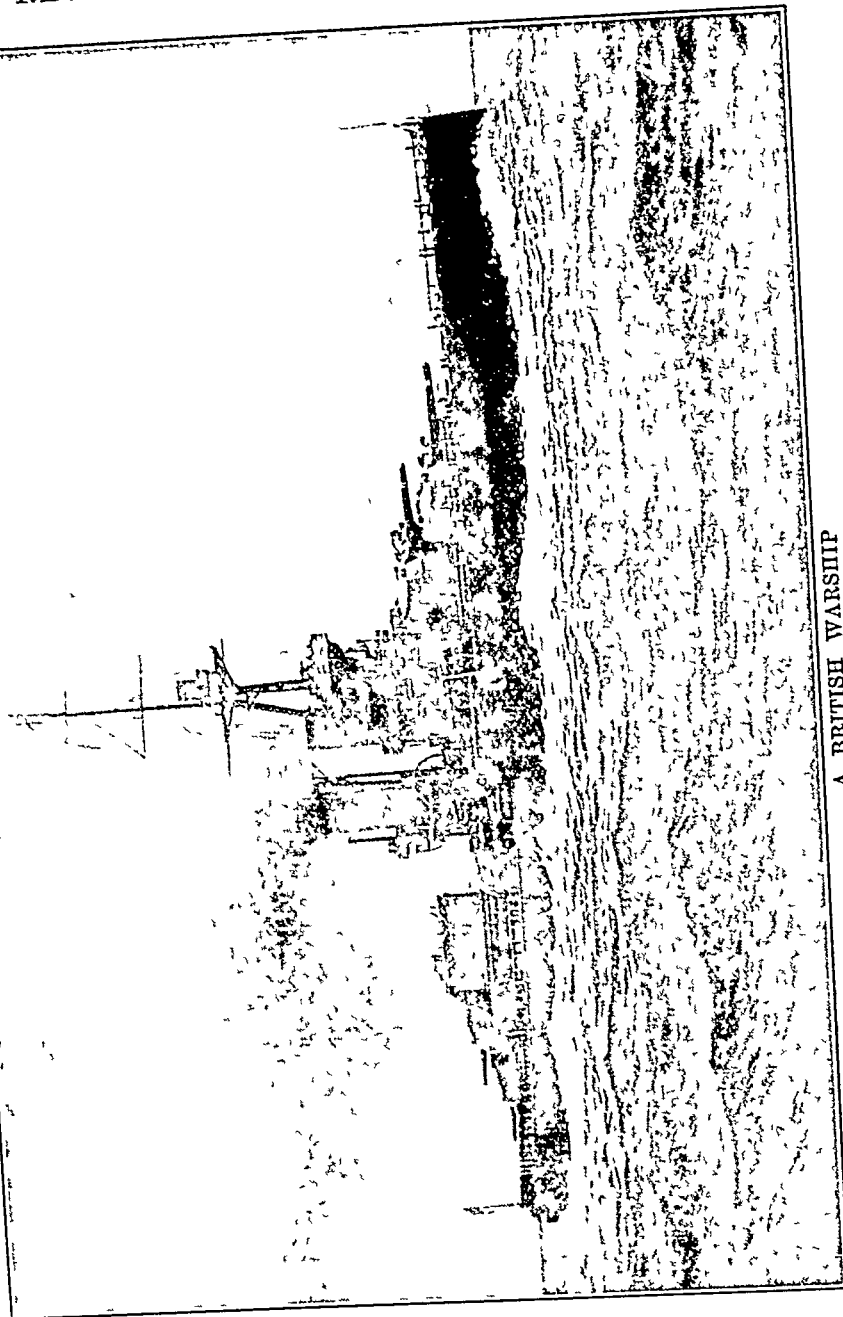
It is interesting to know what number of Indian troops took part in the various centres of the Great War In the early months of the fighting twenty regiments of cavalry and ninety-eight battalions of infantry were sent over seas But before the close of the struggle India had provided no less than 1,457,000 men over a period of four years These are amazing figures An equal number of soldiers was provided by the Dominions of Canada, South Africa and Australia taken together This is a record of which every Indian boy may be proud because it shows to what extent his country shared in the greatest trial that the British Empire has ever had to endure

In addition to the troops provided by India and the Dominions, England had to train her own armies In 1914 she was able to send 150,000 men to France This was known as the *British Expeditionary Force* It did splendid work, because it was a highly trained and expert army, but it was far too small Before the war closed, in England alone many millions of soldiers had been taught the art of war, and these had gone all over the world, fighting in many instances side by side with Indian

troops But England's best defence lay in her Navy. The war by sea would need a whole volume to itself, and some day you may read for yourselves about the heroic deeds of the merchant sailors who were attacked by the German submarines, and about the victories of England's battleships and cruisers over the German fleet. The Navy was in every part of the world defending the shipping of the Empire and protecting the coasts of our colonies. In one great naval engagement, in the North Sea, the battle of Jutland, the German fleet was so severely attacked that it had to fly to its harbours, and there it remained until the close of the war. It then surrendered as a whole to the British navy, and all hope of Germany becoming a great sea power was at an end. In thinking of the war, we must give the first place to the Empire's Navy, because without our Fleet, no army could have been transported from England to France, Egypt, Africa and Mesopotamia, and all the rich coasts of our Motherland would have been exposed to the attacks of our enemies.

In the month of November in the year 1918 the Great War came to an end. Germany had to admit defeat and to accept the terms of peace laid down by England and her allies. The struggle had been long and desperate. Millions of men and treasure had been sacrificed, and much suffering had been endured by almost every civilised nation on earth. But has no good come out of all this evil? Let us think of the war and what it has meant to us all, and try to see if there are no lessons of value that it may teach us.

In the first place, the British Empire had a just and noble cause. The King-Emperor fought to preserve the sacredness of treaties and in defence of the weak against



A BRITISH WARSHIP

the strong It is a fine thing to know that some nations will make a great sacrifice in the cause of truth, honour and justice And this is the first lesson we can remember—that Righteousness is a greater thing than wealth or comfort

In the second place, the war taught the value of self-sacrifice to every man and woman in the Empire All could not be soldiers and fight, but all could help in some way or other. Men could give up their own possessions, and women could be nurses and could make comforts for the soldiers in the field

In the third place, men began to learn that in itself war is a terrible evil, that it brings suffering upon innocent people, and that the problems that follow upon the close of a great struggle are almost too hard to solve We all know how the cost of living has increased the whole world over, and how nations like Russia and Austria have been made bankrupt Seeing these evils, wise men have been trying to make war in the future impossible You have all heard of the League of Nations This has been instituted to solve the problems left by the war, and to try by friendly discussion to settle quarrels that in the past have led to such terrible suffering It is interesting to know that on the League of Nations our own land of India has her representative, and let us hope that this great institution will continue to grow more powerful and helpful in the future

LESSON 7

THE STORY OF PANDŌRA (2)

II THE ESCAPE OF THE TROUBLES

ALL this time, however, her fingers were busy with the knot and happening to glance at the face on the lid of the box, she seemed to see it slyly grinning at her

“That face looks very naughty,” thought Pandōra “I wonder if it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!”

But just then, quite by accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist. Instantly the gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening!

“This is the strangest thing I ever knew!” said Pandōra “What shall I do? How can I possibly tie it up again?”

She tried once or twice to tie the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill

It had come undone so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another, and when she tried to recall the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until her playfellow should come in

“But,” said Pandōra, “when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?”

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart that, since he would think she had looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once

O very naughty and very foolish Pandōra ! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow would have said or thought

And so, perhaps, she might, if the face on the lid of the box had not looked so teasingly at her, and if she had not seemed to hear more plainly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or not, but there was quite a noise of whispers in her ear—or else it was her curiosity that whispered

“ Let us out, dear Pandōra—pray let us out. We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you ! Only let us out ”

“ What can it be ? ” thought Pandōra. “ Is there something alive in the box ? Well !—yes !—I will just take one peep ! Only one peep, and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep ! ”

But it is now time for us to see what her little boy friend was doing

This was the first time since his little playmate had come to dwell with him that he tried to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not share. But nothing went right, nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. There was no joy in his heart

In fact, he grew so uneasy and discontented that the other children could not think what was the matter with him. Neither did he himself know what ailed him any better than they did. For you must remember that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick or out-of-sorts

At length, discovering that, somehow or other, he put a stop to all the play, he thought it best to go back to Pandōra

With a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head

The flowers were very lovely—roses and lilies, and orange-blossoms, and a great many more, and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower-wreaths, but boys could do it in those days rather better than they can now

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But just as the boy reached the cottage-door this cloud began to cut off the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad darkness

He entered softly, for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandōra and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she knew he had come back.

But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased—as heavily as a grown man, as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant—without much chance of Pandōra's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose

At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the box. The boy saw her. If he had cried out, Pandōra would perhaps have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal secret of the box might never have been known

But he himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Seeing that Pandōra meant to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage, and if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself.

Thus, after all his wise speeches to Pandōra about not being curious, he turned out to be quite as foolish and nearly as much in fault as she. So, whenever we blame Pandōra for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at her playfellow as well.

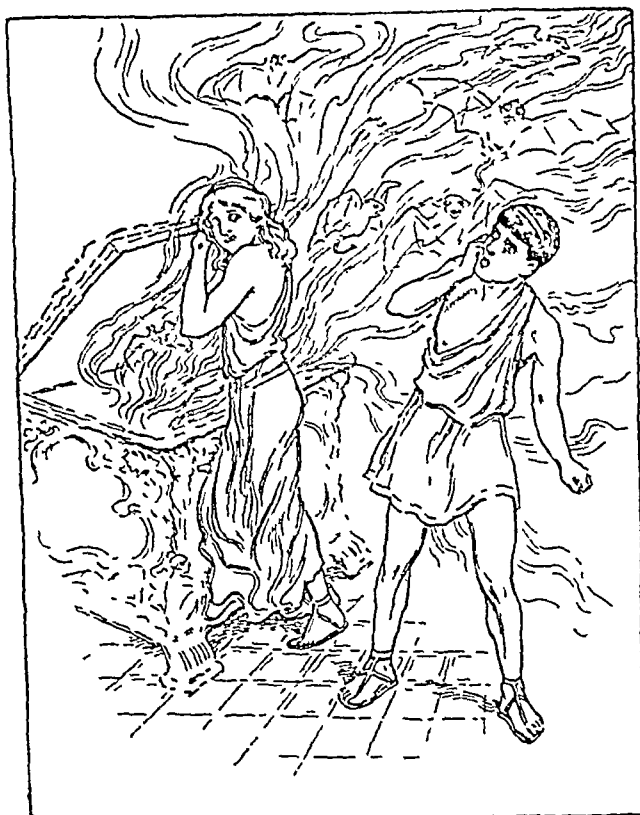
As Pandōra raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal, for a black cloud had swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandōra, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside.

It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while at the same instant she heard her friend cry out as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandōra! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandōra let fall the lid, and, starting up, looked about her to see what was the matter. The thunder-cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly see what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies were darting about. As her eyes grew more used to the poor light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking very, very spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung her playmate. Nor

was it a great while before Pandōra herself began to scream, in no less pain and fright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more noise about it. An ugly little monster had settled on her forehead, and would



“OH, I AM STUNG ! ” CRIED HE “ I AM STUNG ! ”

have stung her I know not how deeply if her little friend had not run and brushed it away

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles

There were evil Passions , there were a great many kinds of Cares , there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows , there were Illnēsses in a great number of miserable and painful shapes , there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about.

In short, everything that has since troubled the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in that box, and given to the children to be kept safely, in order that the happy children of the world might never be troubled by them

Had they been faithful to their trust all would have gone well No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear, from that hour until this moment

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one person is a danger to the whole world—by Pandōra's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of the boy, too, in not stopping her, these Troubles have settled among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry

It was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows in hope of getting rid of them , and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so tormented the small people everywhere about that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards

And, what was very funny, all the flowers and blossoms on earth, not one of which had before faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves after a day or two The children, moreover, who before seemed never to grow old, now grew older day by day, and came soon to be

youths and maidens, and men and women by-and-by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing

LESSON 8

MY PET HARES

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything, it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father should offer it to me. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiny, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine names, I must inform you that they were all males. I built them houses to sleep in, each had a separate apartment, which was kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from

my temples He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him, and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers

Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed. the shyness of his nature had left him, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions

Not so Tiny, upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention, but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward and bite He was, however, very entertaining in his way, even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and

whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage. Tiny was not to be tamed at all and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features that he can distinguish each from all the rest, and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these hares has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence, he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

Bess, I have said, died young, Tiny lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of

some hurt in his loins, by a fall Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it, they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LESSON 9

THE STORY OF PANDŌRA (3)

III THE COMING OF HOPE

MEANWHILE, the naughty Pandōra, and her hardly less naughty friend, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been badly stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed worse to them because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course they were entirely unused to it, and could have no idea what it meant.

Besides all this, they were in a very bad temper, both with themselves and with one another. In order to give way to it to the utmost, the boy sat down sullenly in a

corner with his back towards Pandōra, while Pandōra flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid

“What can that be?” cried Pandōra, lifting her head

But either the boy had not heard the tap, or was too much out of temper to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer

“You are very unkind!” said Pandōra, sobbing anew, “not to speak to me!”

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy’s hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box

“Who are you?” asked Pandōra, with a little of her former curiosity “Who are you inside of this naughty box?”

A sweet little voice spoke from within

“Only lift the lid, and you shall see”

“No, no,” answered Pandōra, again beginning to sob, “I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out!”

She looked towards her friend as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would praise her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late

“Ah,” said the sweet little voice again, “you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty

creatures that have stings in their tails They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once if you only saw me Come, come, my pretty Pandōra ! I am sure you will let me out ! ”

And, indeed, the tone was so winning and cheerful, that it was almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked Pandōra's heart had begun to grow lighter at every word that came from within the box The boy, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before

“ Have you heard this little voice ? ” cried Pandōra to him

“ Yes, to be sure I have,” answered he, but in no very good temper as yet “ And what of it ? ”

“ Shall I lift the lid again ? ” asked Pandōra

“ Just as you please,” said he “ You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more One other trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference ”

“ You might speak a little more kindly ! ” said Pandōra, wiping her eyes

“ Ah, naughty boy ! ” cried the little voice within the box, in a laughing tone “ He knows he is longing to see me Come, my dear Pandōra, lift up the lid I am in a great hurry to comfort you Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so bad as you think them ! ”

“ Very well ! ” exclaimed Pandōra, “ come what may, I am going to open the box ! ”

“ And, as the lid seems very heavy,” cried her friend, running across the room, “ I will help you ! ”

So, with one consent, the two children lifted the lid
Out flew a sunny and smiling little person, who hovered
about the room, throwing a light wherever she went

Have you ever made the sunshine dance into dark
corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass?



Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairy-like
stranger amid the gloom of the cottage

She flew to the boy and laid the least touch of her
finger on the spot where the Trouble had stung him, and
immediately the pain of it was gone Then she kissed
Pandōra on the forehead, and her hurt was cured also.

After doing these kind acts, the bright stranger fluttered playfully over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails

"Pray who are you, beautiful creature?" asked Pandōra

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box to make up to men, women and children for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was meant to be let loose among them Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all"

"Your wings are coloured like the rainbow!" said Pandōra "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles"

"And will you stay with us," asked the boy, "for ever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, "and that will be as long as you live in the world—I promise never to leave you There may be times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have gone away But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!"

"Oh, tell us," they exclaimed, "tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth "But do not mind, even if it should

never happen while you live on this earth Trust in my promise, for it is true "

" We do trust you ! " cried the children in one breath.

And so they did , and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope that has since been alive

And, to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad (though, to be sure, it was a very naughty thing for her to do)—but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box

No doubt—no doubt—the troubles are still flying about the world, and have grown in number, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most dangerous stings in their tails I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more as I grow older

But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope ! What in the world could we do without her ? Hope brightens the earth and makes it always new , and even when the earth is brightest Hope shows it to be only a shadow of the Heaven to come !

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

LESSON 10

ALICE FELL , OR, POVERTY

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned ,
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and more,
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before

At length I to the boy called out ;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain ,
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
‘ Whence comes,’ said I, ‘ this piteous moan ? ’
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone

“ My cloak ! ” no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break ,
And down from off her seat she leapt

“ What ails you, child ? ”—she sobbed “ Look here ! ”
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e’er
From any garden scare-crow dangled

There, twisted between nave and spoke
It hung, nor could at once be freed ,
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed !

“ And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways ? ”
“ To Durham,” answered she, half wild—
“ Then come with me into the chaise ”

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end

“ My child, in Durham do you dwell ? ”
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, “ My name is Alice Fell ,
I’m fatherless and motherless.

“ And I to Durham, Sir, belong ”
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ,
And all was for her tattered cloak !

The chaise drove on our journey’s end
Was nigh , and, sitting by my side.
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified

Up to the tavern-door we post ,
Of Alice and her grief I told ;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old

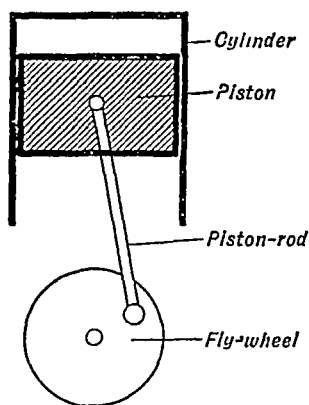
“ And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell ! ”
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan Alice Fell !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON 11

THE MOTOR-CAR AND ITS ENGINE

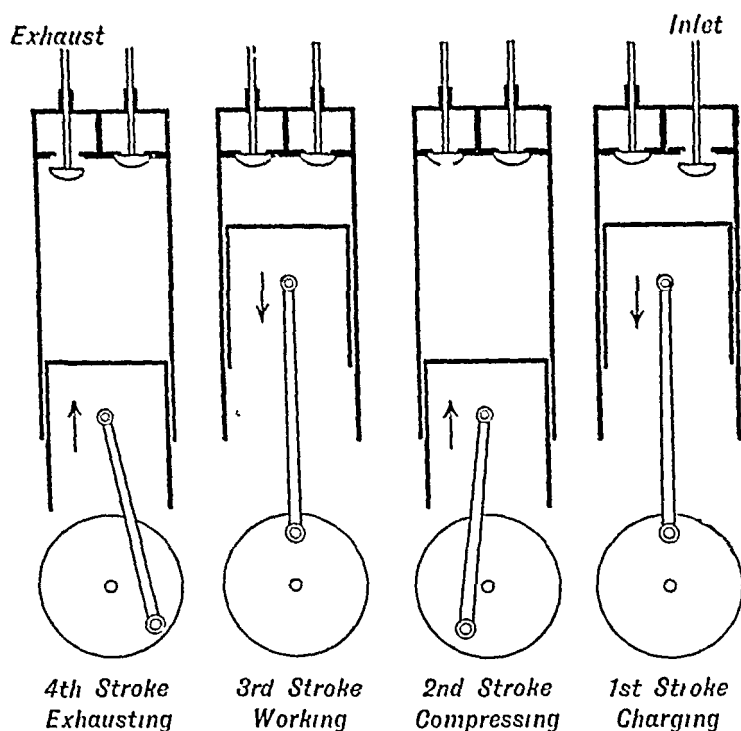
THOSE of us who live in large towns see so many motor-cars that we seldom think of enquiring how these wonderful machines are made to move so quickly and so silently



No doubt you know something about steam-engines, *i.e.* engines driven by steam-power. What we might call the driving part of a steam-engine consists of a cylinder, a piston and a fly-wheel.

The cylinder is a hollow circular box, in this is another hollow box, called the piston, which fits very tight, but not so tight as to be unable to move up and down. Fastened to the top of the piston is a steel-rod, called the piston-rod, its other end is fastened to the fly-wheel. In a steam engine the piston is forced to move up and down by steam, which is introduced into the upper part of the cylinder and drives it down, with it, the piston rod

moves, and moves the fly-wheel. The driving-force is the steam which enters into the cylinder by a hole, leading from a tube, and called a *port* or a *valve*. You will understand that in the cylinder there are two such ports, the inlet valve and the exhaust valve.



(These are not shown in the diagram, because they would make it harder to understand.)

Now a motor-engine, whether it is the engine of a motor-car or a motor-cycle, is not worked by steam, but by gas. This gas is made from petrol, which is a form of petroleum, paraffin, or kerosine (three different names for the same thing), but refined by distilling. When petrol is mixed with air it forms a highly explosive gas.

A motor-engine is driven by this gas, which is exploded in the head of the cylinder by means of an electric spark, and drives the piston just as the explosion in a gun drives the cartridge

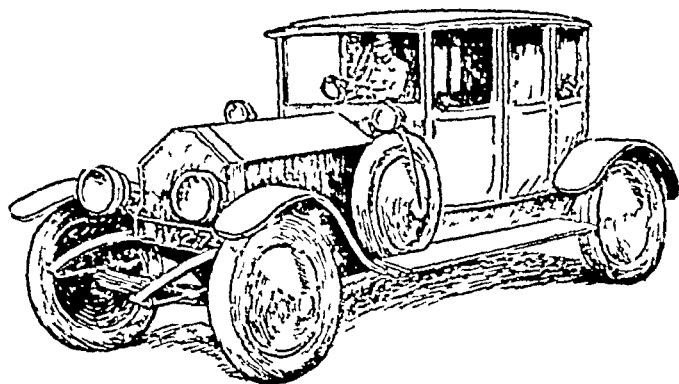
This is, however, not the only difference between a steam-engine and a gas-engine. In a steam-engine the piston only moves up and down once for each dose of steam. With a petrol-engine it does so twice, so there are four strokes of the piston-rod for each dose of gas. The reason for this difference is this, that *petrol-gas becomes much more explosive when it is compressed*

These four strokes then are, (1) The *compression-stroke*. The piston is at the bottom of the cylinder, but is working up, and compressing the gas in the cylinder. (2) The *firing-stroke*, when the piston-head is nearly at the top of the cylinder. (3) When the piston-head is at the bottom of the cylinder again, we have the *exhaust-stroke*, which sucks the piston back to the top of the cylinder, like the plunger of a pump. (4) When the piston starts to fall down (on account of its own weight) we have the *intake-stroke*, in which petrol is taken into the head of the cylinder. An outside contrivance arranges for the opening and the shutting of the two valves. In the inlet-stroke, the inlet-valve is open, in the exhaust-stroke, the exhaust valve. In the other two strokes, both valves are closed.

You will now see one of the advantages which the petrol-engine has over the steam-engine. The actual amount of gas used is half. The second advantage is that petrol expands enormously when mixed with air, and the third is that it is lighter than water. The difference can be seen in this way, a gallon of petrol will drive a light motor-car more than thirty miles. A gallon

of water would be almost as useless as no water at all

Motor-cars have been planned which use steam or electricity (like electric trams and trains), but the advantage of petrol-vapour is its lightness and the fact that it is easily portable. It is for this reason that petrol is used for the engines of aeroplanes. It was the invention of the "internal combustion engine" (an engine worked by an explosion in the cylinder) that enabled man to fly in machines heavier than air. Of these we shall read later in this book.



LESSON 12

HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN (1)

By the time I was sixteen it would be difficult to say whether I was more accomplished as a barber or a scholar. Besides shaving the head, cleaning the ears, and trimming the beard, I became famous for my skill in the offices of the bath. No one understood better than I the different modes of rubbing or shampooing as

practised in India, Cashmere, and Turkey, and I had an art peculiar to myself of making the joints to crack and my slaps echo

Thanks to my master, I had learnt enough of our poets to enable me to enliven conversation with occasional apt quotations from Saadi and Hafiz, this accomplishment, added to a good voice, made me considered as an agreeable companion by all those whose crowns or limbs were submitted to my operations. In short, it may without vanity be asserted that Hajji Baba was quite the fashion among the men of taste and pleasure

My father's shop being situated near the royal caravanserai, the largest and most frequented in the city, was the common resort of the foreign, as well as of the resident merchants. They not infrequently gave him something over and above the usual price for the entertainment they found in the repartees of his hopeful son. One of them, a Bagdad merchant, took a great fancy to me, and always insisted that I should attend upon him, in preference even to my more experienced father. He made me converse with him in Turkish, of which I had acquired a slight knowledge, and so excited my curiosity by describing the beauties of the different cities which he had visited, that I soon felt a strong desire to travel.

This merchant was then in want of someone to keep his accounts, and as I combined the two qualifications of barber and scribe, he made me such advantageous offers to enter into his service, that I agreed to follow him, and immediately mentioned my determination to my father. My father was very loath to lose me, and endeavoured to persuade me not to leave a certain profession for one which was likely to be attended with

danger and vicissitudes, but when he found how advantageous were the merchant's offers, and that it was not impossible that I might become one myself in time, he gradually ceased to dissuade me from going, and at length gave me his blessing, accompanied by a new case of razors.

Osman Aga, my master, was now on a journey to Meshed the object of which was to purchase the lamb-skins of Bokhara, which he afterwards proposed to convey to Constantinople for sale. Imagine a short, squat man, with a large head, prominent nose and a thick black beard, and you will see my fellow-traveller. His prevailing passion was love of gain, and he never went to sleep without having ascertained that his money was deposited in a place of safety.

The caravan was appointed to collect in the spring, and we made preparations for our departure. My master bought a strong, ambling mule for his own riding, whilst I was provided with a horse, which, besides myself, bore the *kahan* (for he adopted the Persian style of smoking), the fire-pan and leather bottle, the charcoal, and also my own wardrobe. A black slave, who cooked for us, spread the carpets, loaded and unloaded the beasts, bestrode another mule, upon which were piled the bedding, carpets, and kitchen utensils. A third, carrying a pair of trunks, in which was my master's wardrobe, and every other thing necessary, completed our equipment.

The day before our departure, the prudent Osman had taken the precaution to sew into the cotton wadding of his heavy turban fifty ducats, a circumstance known only to him and me, and these were to serve in case of accidents, for the remainder of his cash, with which he

intended to make his purchases, was sewn up in small white leather bags, and deposited in the very centre of the trunks

The caravan, being ready to depart, consisted of about five hundred mules and horses and two hundred camels, most of which were laden with merchandise for the north of Persia, and escorted by about one hundred and fifty men, composed of merchants, their servants, and the conductors of the caravan

Every man on these occasions is armed, and my master, who always turned his head away whenever a gun was fired, and became pale at the sight of a drawn sword, now appeared with a long carbine slung obliquely across his back, and a crooked sword by his side, whilst a pair of huge pistols projected from his girdle

We started at break of day from the northern suburb of Ispahan, led by the *chaoushes* of the pilgrimage, who announced our departure by loud cries and the beating of their copper drums. We soon got acquainted with our fellow-travellers, who were all armed, but who, notwithstanding their martial equipment, appeared to be very peaceably disposed persons

We proceeded without impediment to Teheran, where we sojourned ten days to rest our mules, and to increase our numbers. The dangerous part of the journey was to come, as a tribe of Turcomans, who were at war with the king of Persia, were known to infest the road, and had lately attacked and plundered n, while the same time they had carried mpo into captivity. Such were the ted Turcomans that many of our pa mas particular were fearful of proce ed the of received of the ei

skins at Constantinople was so alluring, that, in spite of everything, he resolved not to be frightened out of his prospect of gain

A *chaoush* had long been collecting pilgrims at Teheran and its vicinity, in the expectation of the arrival of our caravan ; and as soon as we made our appearance, he informed us that he was ready to join us with a numerous band, a reinforcement which he assured us we ought to receive with gratitude, considering the dangers which we were about to encounter. He was a character well known on the road between Teheran and Meshed, and enjoyed a great reputation for courage, which he had acquired for having cut off a Turcoman's head whom he had once found dead on the road. His appearance was most formidable, being in person tall and broad-shouldered, with a swarthy, sunburnt face, ornamented by a few stiff hairs by way of beard at the end of a bony chin. Clad in a breastplate of iron, a helmet with a cham cape flapping over his shoulders, a curved sword by his side, pistols in his girdle, a shield slung behind his back, and a long spear in his hand, he seemed to bid defiance to danger. He made such boast of his prowess, and talked of the Turcomans with such contempt, that my master determined to proceed under his immediate escort

We advanced by slow marches over a parched and dreary country, that afforded little to relieve the eye or cheer the heart. Our conversation chiefly turned upon the Turcomans, and although we were all agreed that they were a desperate enemy, yet we managed to console ourselves by the hope that nothing could withstand our numbers and appearance

We had proceeded in this manner for several days,

The older, in point of time, of these two peoples is Greece, or, as she called herself, Hellas, and the period of her greatness was, roughly, from about 800 B C to 300 B C

We speak of Hellas as a whole, and as if the Hellenes were one nation, but, actually, they were never entirely united. They called themselves by one name, speaking of all who were not Greeks as Barbarians, but, during the period of her greatness, Greece was divided into a number of small states, the best known of which were Athens and Sparta. The peoples of these two cities, the Athenians and the Spartans, were of different origin, and spoke different dialects of their common language, the speech of the Spartans was the Dorian, that of the Athenians, the Ionic dialect, or rather the Attic form of Ionic. (Attica is the name of the country of which Athens was the capital.)

The first name that we meet in Greek history is that of her greatest man, but whether he was a real man, or only legendary, no one knows. Among all classes and division of Greeks his name was placed first, and he was considered to embody the whole of Greek thought, and to be the source and guiding principle of all Greek life. This was Homer, the unknown author of the two great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It seems curious that nothing should be known of one who is supposed to have been the author of such glorious works, but Hindus will remember that the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata, is said to have been written by a certain Vyasa, about whom we know little more than his name. Curiously, both the words Vyasa and Homer have the same meaning, namely "The Arranger", and it is possible that each may have been what we should to-day

call an "editor" of works not actually written by himself, but arranged by him

If you look at a map of Greece you will see what a remarkably long coast-line the country has; no place in the whole country is more than a few miles from the sea. It is natural then that the Greeks should have been a race of sailors and adventurers; and that the two great Greek Epics should tell of a war fought in a strange country (The *Iliad*, which tells the story of the siege and sack of Troy, in North Asia-Minor), and of the wanderings of a sailor (the *Odyssey*, which tells of the ten years' wanderings of the hero, Odysseus)

Homer may have lived about 800 B C. His poems are concerned with heroes and warriors, and from his teaching the Greeks learnt themselves to be heroes and warriors. At the beginning of the fifth century before Christ there were two invasions of Greece by the Persians, whose empire at that time was the greatest in the world. The first was in the year 490, under King Darius, the second, ten years later, under Xerxes. Both were utterly unsuccessful. In the First Persian War, the Athenians, at the famous battle of Marathon, defeated a force many times superior to itself, and drove the Persians into the sea. In the Second War a great naval battle at Salamis resulted in the complete destruction of Xerxes' fleet, and the next year, in 479 B C, the Persian land-forces were smashed, and driven back to Asia. A very interesting fact about the battle of Salamis is that two famous Greek writers were present at it and took an important share in the fighting, these were Aeschylus the poet, and Herodotus, the historian, both of whom have given us an account of the battle.

The influence of Greece has, however, been greatest in

literature and in art Greece gave the world the first two historians, the Dorian Herodotus, called the "father of history," the earliest and in many ways the greatest of all historians, and the Athenian Thucydides, who described the long war between his native city and Sparta, with most careful detail but the highest art, giving dry facts the charm of a romance. In poetry Greece stands higher than any other nation except England. Lyric poetry, *i.e.* poetry intended to be sung, and expressing personal feelings, had its origin in Greece, especially among the islands, but the great glory of Greek literature is that of her three tragedians, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and her marvellous writer of comedies, Aristophanes. The Athenians (for all these four were Athenians) were lovers of the drama, and planned and built vast and splendid open-air theatres, in which prizes were given for the finest plays. You have perhaps seen a picture of a Greek theatre, every one of the spectators obtained a perfect view, and could hear the actors' words perfectly, yet the price of the seats was such that the poorest could easily afford a place.

Greek philosophy, in which the greatest names are those of Plato and Aristotle, has been a living force since the times when they wrote. Aristotle, who is said to have been the tutor of Alexander the Great, was slightly later than Plato, but, although their names are the most eminent, they are not the earliest. The earliest Greek thinkers lived about the same time as Buddha Gautama and Mahavira, the founder of Jainism. At more or less the same period were Confucius in China, and, perhaps, Zoroaster in Persia. It seems as if thought was being born in Asia and Eastern Europe; and probably the

disciples of the various schools travelled from place to place exchanging views. Plato and Aristotle are, however, the greatest of the Greek thinkers, and to-day the motto of philosophy is "Back to Aristotle"

The Greeks knew very little of painting, and do not seem to have troubled very much about it. In music we



HORSEMEN OF THE PARTHENON FRIEZE

[British Museum]

know the names of certain writers, but very little about what they wrote, for music is an art which came much later. In two arts, however, Greece is supreme, in sculpture and in architecture. Greek statuary has never been surpassed, and, some think, never equalled. Shortly, her artists may be said to have combined grace and strength, the real and the ideal. As regards architecture, their aim seems to have been to build something

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this, for a man cannot be considered really educated or cultured unless he has a good acquaintance with Greek art and Greek thought. And the chief rule of all Greek thought is restraint, especially in conduct. The Greeks had only one word for "beautiful" and for "good", and the "beautiful" meant the avoiding of all excess. To live by rule to avoid silliness, pride, cruelty, and vice, was the Greek ideal, and it is for this reason that the example of Greece is so valuable to-day.

LESSON 14

HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN (2)

My master had rolled himself up between two bales of goods to wait the event, but was discovered by a Turcoman of great size and of a most ferocious aspect, who, taking him at first for part of the baggage, turned him over on his back, when he opened out at full length and expressed all his fears by the most abject entreaties. He tried to soften the Turcoman, but nothing would do, the barbarian was inexorable. He only left him in possession of his turban, out of consideration for its colour, but in other respects he completely stripped him, leaving him nothing but his drawers and shirt, and clothed himself with my master's comfortable cloak and trousers before his face. My clothes being scarcely worth the taking, I was permitted to enjoy them unmolested, and I retained possession of my case of razors, to my no small satisfaction.

The Turcomans, having completed their plunder, made a distribution of the prisoners. We were blindfolded

quite beautiful, but entirely suitable for the use intended. A Greek theatre could not possibly be anything but a theatre, a Greek temple shows clearly that it is a temple, not a private house, or a shop. It is interesting to know that in a Greek temple of the best style there is not a single straight-line. All the lines (of the pillars, of the roof, of the steps, and so on) are very delicate curves, each curve planned by careful rules, so as to appear most beautiful and most suitable. Greek architecture has been imitated by later peoples, and to-day you may see banks and railway-stations that are supposed to be copies of Greek models. The effect is, usually, not very happy.

The Greeks believed that true education, and the training of young men, should be based on two things, rhythm and harmony (the two words are Greek words), and should benefit both the mind and the body. It was for this reason that great athletic meetings were held at various places, the chief centre being Olympia in Western Greece. Here were held the Olympic Games, the first in the year 776 B C. The contests were, at first, foot-races, but later other events, such as wrestling, jumping, quoit-throwing, boxing, and so forth, were added. Modern games, on the pattern of the old, were held at Athens in 1896, and have continued to be held at various places every four years. The original Greek Games at Olympia were, in part, a religious ceremony, and at Olympia itself has been found an almost perfect specimen of the work of the greatest Greek sculptor, Praxiteles, a statue of the God Hermes.

Greek religion and Greek legends are so well known to the world that they have become part of our own language. but the value of Greece to us is more than

fortune, but to no purpose, in lieu of it he received an old sheep-skin cap, which had belonged to some un-



fortunate man, who, like us, had been a prisoner and who had lately died of grief and wretchedness

My master, having been installed in the possession of

the dead man's cap, was soon appointed to fill his situation, which was that of tending the camels, when they were sent to feed upon the mountains, and as he was fat and unwieldy, there was no apprehension of his running away. As for me, I was not permitted to leave the tents, but was, for the present, employed in shaking the leather bags which contained the curds from which butter was made.

In order to celebrate the success of the expedition, an entertainment was given by the chief to the whole encampment. A large cauldron, filled with rice, was boiled, and two sheep were roasted whole. The men, consisting of our chief's relations, who came from the surrounding tents, and most of whom had been at the attack of our caravan, were assembled in one tent, whilst the women were collected in another. After the rice and the sheep had been served up to the men, they were carried to the women, and when they had done, the shepherds' boys were served, and, after they had devoured their utmost, the bones and scrapings of dishes were given to us and the dogs. But, when I was waiting with great anxiety for our morsel, having scarcely tasted food since we were taken, I was secretly beckoned by one of the women, who made me screen myself behind a tent. Setting down a dish of rice, with a bit of the sheep's tail in it, which was sent, she said, by the chief's wife, who pitied my misfortune and bade me be of good courage, she hurried away without waiting for my acknowledgments.

The day was passed by the men in smoking and relating their adventures, and by the women in singing and beating the tambourine, whilst my poor master and I were left to ponder over our forlorn situation. The mark

of favour which I had just received had set my imagination to work, and led me to consider my condition as not entirely desperate. But in vain I endeavoured to cheer up the spirits of my companion, he did not cease to bewail his hard fate. His greatest concern seemed to be that he had failed to secure the profits which he had expected to make on his lamb-skins and he passed all his time in calculating, to the utmost farthing, what had been his losses on this occasion. However, we were soon to be parted. He was sent off the next day to the mountains in charge of a string of fifty camels, with terrible threats from the chief that his nose and ears should pay for the loss of any one of them, and that if one died, its price should be added to the ransom money which he hereafter expected to receive for him. As the last testimony of my affection for him, I made him sit down on a camel's pack-saddle, and, with some water from a neighbouring spring, and a piece of soap, which together with my razors I had saved from the wreck of our fortunes, shaved him in the face of the whole camp.

I very soon found that this exhibition of my abilities and profession might be productive of the greatest advantage to my future prospects. Every fellow who had a head to scratch immediately found out that he wanted shaving, and my reputation soon reached the ears of the chief, who called me to him, and ordered me to operate upon him without loss of time. I soon went to work upon a large head that exhibited the marks of many a sword cut, and which presented as rough a surface as that of the sheep-dogs aforementioned. He who had been accustomed to have his hair clipped, perhaps with the same instrument that sheared his sheep, and who knew of no greater luxury than that of

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being mutilated by some country barber, felt himself in paradise under my hand. He freely expressed his satisfaction and his approbation of my services, said, on feeling his head, that I had shaved him two days' march under the skin, swore that he never would accept of any ransom for me, be it what it might, and that I should henceforth be entitled to the appointment of his own body-barber.

Whilst I stooped down and kissed the knee of this my new master, with every appearance of gratitude and respect, I determined to make use of the liberty which the confidence reposed in me might afford, by running away on the very first favourable opportunity.

JAMES MORIER

LESSON 15

MY LOST YOUTH

ORTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts"
I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still

“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”

I remember the black wharves and the ships,

And the sea-tides tossing free ,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still
“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,

And the fort upon the hill ,
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still

“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”

I remember the sea-fight far away,

How it thunder'd o'er the tide !
And the dead sea-captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill
“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”

There are things of which I may not speak ,
There are dreams that cannot die
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”
Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ,
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”
And Deering’s woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again
And the strange and beautiful song
The groves are repeating it still
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts ”

II. W LONGFELLOW.

LESSON 16

WORLD HISTORY

THE ROMANS

WHEN we think of India and its religions we are reminded of sacred cities such as Mecca or Benares, centres of Islam and of Hinduism. In Europe when we think of the Christian Faith our thoughts turn to Rome. But Rome is not merely the centre of the Catholic religion; her past history has been so important to the world that she cannot be neglected.

We have already seen what the modern world owes to Greece, its debt to Rome is perhaps somewhat less, but it is of very great importance. The influence of Rome has been entirely different from that of Greece, but the two may be said to supplement one other, each supplying something that is lacking in the other.

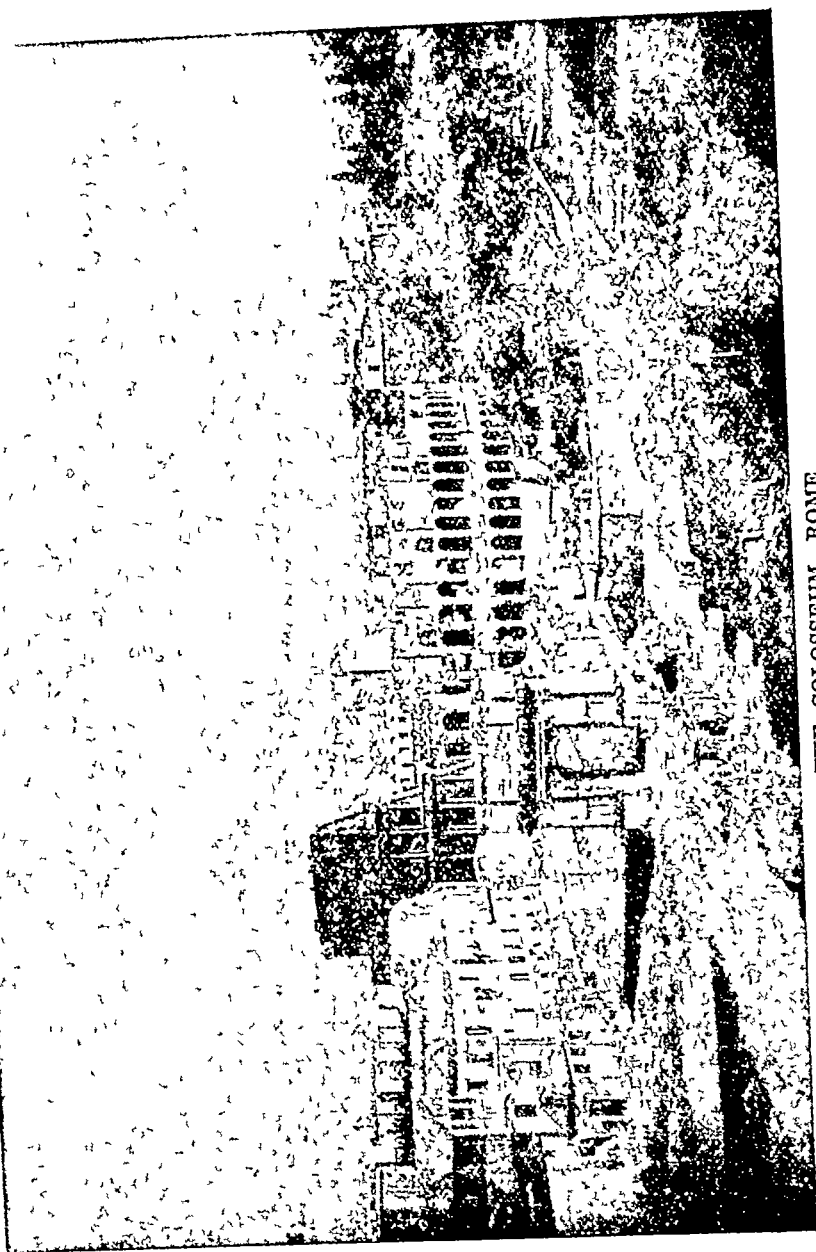
The great difference in the history of the two peoples is that, whereas in Greece there were, at her greatest period, a number of small, disunited states, which never really coalesced, in Rome there was one state and one state only. Rome is said to have been founded in the year 753 B.C. by two orphan brothers, Romulus and Remus, who, on the death of their parents, were brought up by a wolf, and a wolf is to-day the emblem of Rome. The story is probably quite false, and, in any case, does not matter very much, but what is important is that Rome at one time was a little village in South Tuscany, but that she gradually extended her boundaries until she became mistress of the whole of the Western World, as it was then known.

There must have been something extraordinary in the Roman character, for, from the very first, any conquered territory became part of the Mother City. Her conquests were, thus, unlike those of other conquerors, for she made the conquered people part of herself; she gave them certain advantages, and received in return certain benefits. When Greece in 133 B.C. became part of the Roman Empire, it was said that Rome, the conqueror, had herself been conquered, for at once there started a stream of trade between the two shores of the Adriatic. Greece sent her artists and writers to Rome, and young Romans were sent to Greece to study at the University of Athens.

There was more than this, however. When a country or territory became part of the Roman Empire, there was nothing to prevent a man, if he was found worthy, from becoming a full Roman citizen, with all the rights and privileges of a Roman citizen, equal to those of the oldest families in Rome herself. Thus St. Paul, a Jew from Tarsus in Syria, was proud to call himself, not a Jew, but a Roman, "a citizen of no mean city", and many of Rome's greatest men and of her Emperors were not, strictly speaking, Romans, or even Italians. St. Augustine was an African, the Emperor Trajan, a Spaniard.

How was Rome able to do this? Was it by some trick, or by luck, or on account of something in the Roman character? It was probably the latter. Mr. Baldwin, the English statesman and Prime Minister, speaking of the Romans a short time ago, said that the great points in the Roman character were *Gravitas* and *Pietas*, or, in English, gravity and piety.

The Roman was grave and pious. He was serious, and



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME

he took care to value everything at its real worth, he tried not to become excited, or fanciful, or unnecessarily angry, about trifles. The great Roman poet, Vergil, when his hero is in the most desperate straits, and the future seems quite blank and hopeless, makes him encourage his friends and followers by reminding them that they have seen worse troubles, and perhaps, some day, they may look back and feel a pleasure in their past sufferings. These are the words of a brave man, and of one not easily frightened by the appearance of disaster. In this sense the Roman possessed gravity.

When we speak of the Roman as pious, we mean that he knew that he had a duty to perform, and that he tried to perform it. He had a duty to God, a duty to his family, a duty to his friends, and, above all, a duty to himself. He felt that life was a serious thing, and however much he might amuse himself, he always remembered that amusements were not everything. You will see here that the Romans were, in a way, rather like the Greeks; but what we learn from Rome is not quite the same as what we learn from Greece. Perhaps one may say that one loves the Greeks, but admires the Romans.

It is, as we have seen, in dealing with subject and conquered peoples that the Roman showed his best side, here again we can recall the words of Vergil, who preached that the Roman's duty was not to excel in the arts of statuary or poetry, for the Greeks had done that perfectly, rather he was to learn how to rule, to crush the bully, and be lenient to the oppressed. A very noble lesson, which the Romans followed; for the Roman Empire has always been a shining example of peace and of good laws. Here, again, Rome differed from Greece; the Greeks knew very little about law, and cared less

The Roman made good laws, and saw to it that they were kept, he first laid down the principle that before the law all men were equal, and the same laws should be applied to all. Roman Law is the chief source of all Modern Law, and the Code (or collection of laws) of the Emperor Justinian is a model of its kind.

Another means by which Rome assimilated conquered territory and peoples, was the building of roads. The great roads of Europe to-day are Roman roads, and when Rome was at the height of her power, her roads covered Central and Western Europe, joining up the chief cities and towns. By this Europe was made one, and was made to feel itself one, and the furthest parts (such as England) were kept in close touch with the capital.

Roman literature can hardly be compared with Greek, for although Roman writers, and indeed the Latin language, owed a great deal to Greece, and borrowed still more, yet Roman poetry is of an entirely different nature from Greek. Vergil, in his *Aeneid*, a long epic, under the cover of a legend, paints the glories of Rome, her duty to the world, the example of her great leaders, her hopes for the future, in other poems and in many magnificent lines, he shows his love for the country and scenery of Italy, her hills and rivers and ancient towns. Horace, perhaps the most quoted of all classical poets, teaches the need of self-control, patience, and honour to a generation which, he thought, was giving itself up too much to pleasure. He was right, for it was by neglecting her own rules, and by self-indulgence that Rome was ruined. Juvenal, a bitter, powerful satirist, lays bare the vices of his age, two generations after Horace. Lucretius has as his subject the whole world, and shows a seriousness truly Roman, and a loftiness of thought rarely

equalled Catullus, on the other hand, takes a child-like, almost fairy-like pleasure in the beauties of the world, and the charm of daily life

Roman historians compare poorly with the great Greek writers, for Livy is too anxious to make his story dramatic, and Tacitus prefers wit to truth.

Rome came to greatness by conquest In her early days she was often hard put to it to save herself, but she never lost courage or hope. Her greatest war was against the Carthaginians, an African people descended from the Phoenicians of the Eastern Mediterranean Against her she had Hannibal, in many ways the greatest of all soldiers, but she beat him, by dint of slow endurance, and with the help of great men of the noble families of Scipio and Nero Hardly, however, had the echoes of the Punic Wars died away than there were new wars, this time within the Empire Rome was, at this period, a Republic, but the prominent men in the Republic were always quarrelling In the last of these civil wars Julius Cæsar, who, though he was never Emperor, established the Roman Empire, and defeated Antony and the beautiful Queen Cleopatra of Egypt, at the battle of Actium in 31 B C

The old Roman Empire perished, as we have seen, from vice and pleasure, and from a lack of those qualities gravity and piety which had made her great But Rome is "The Eternal City," and Rome to-day is scarcely less important than the ancient city of the late Republic She is still a magnificent city of art, learning, and religion, she is still the mother of all cities, for in her history of nearly three thousand years we may find the beginnings of all that is best in the civilization and peaceful ordering of the West

LESSON 17

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

OR

THE FOUR BLACK BROTHERS

CHAPTER I

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS
WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley, and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck.¹ Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows, they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich, and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value, they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny, or a crust in charity, they never went to mass, grumbled perpetually at paying tithes, and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly with Schwartz = Black
Hans = Jack
Gluck = Luck

larly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often, for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation, the vines were cut to pieces with the hail, the corn was all killed by a black blight, only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rained when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of

mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them ”

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock

“ It must be the wind, ’ said Gluck , “ nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door ’

No , it wasn t the wind there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentlemen he had ever seen in his life He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured , his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours , his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a cork-screw on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a “ swallow tail, ’ but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearers shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella, and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't, indeed, my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter, and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say, I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck, "I'll just let him in for

a quarter of an hour " Round he went to the door, and opened it , and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter

" That's a good boy," said the little gentleman " Never mind your brothers I'll talk to them "

" Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck " I can't let you stay till they come , they'd be the death of me."

" Dear me," said the old gentleman, " I'm very sorry to hear that How long may I stay ? "

" Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, " and it's very brown "

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof

" You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable . never was such a cloak , every fold in it ran like a gutter.

" I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilverlike streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour , " mayn't I take your cloak ? "

" No, thank you," said the old gentleman

" Your cap, sir ? "

" I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly

" But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly , " but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out "

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest, it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he, "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction, continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again, after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang, and there drove past the window at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers

ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner

Such a night as it was ! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double-bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that ?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed

"Only I," said the little gentleman

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish, perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may !" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The munda-

tion had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand, and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words —

South-West Wind, Esquire

LESSON 18

WORLD HISTORY

THE ARABS

WE have read of two great European nations, the Greeks and the Romans. We must now read of a mighty people that came into contact with both the East and the West, and that gave a new religion to millions of human beings. This people inhabited the peninsula of Arabia. It is to the Arabs that we owe the faith of Islam, and the splendours of a great empire which, with Bagdad as its capital, stretched from India to Spain. We must look carefully at our map to understand the extent of the Mahomedan power when it was at its height.

On this map you will see in Arabia the two cities of Mecca and Medina. In the first of these Mahomet was born in 570 A.D. The story of his great life is known to every Indian boy. From his fortieth to his fiftieth year he preached his faith to the people of Mecca, but they

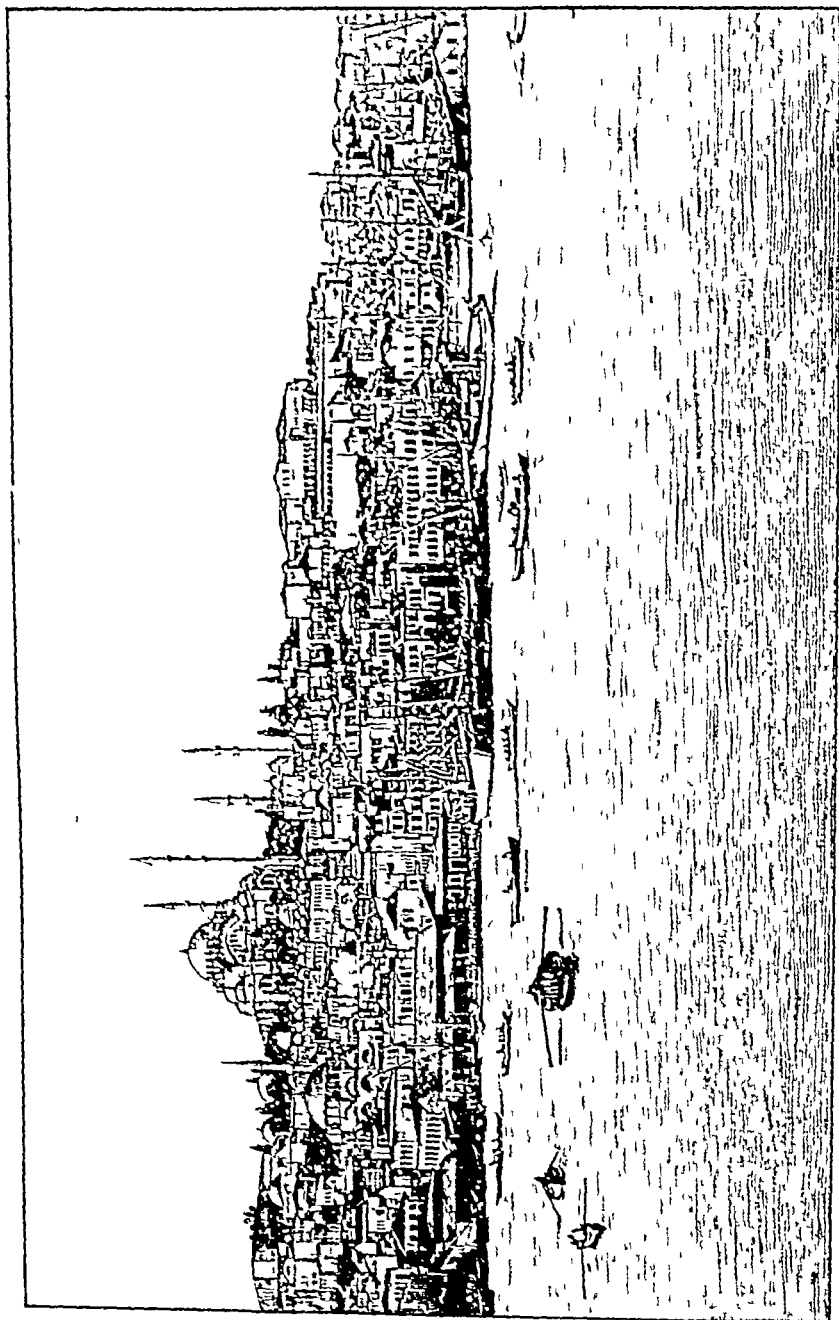
rejected his teaching, and he left the city of his birth and went to Medina. In 629 he returned to Mecca as its master, and by the time of his death in 632, when he was sixty-two years of age, he was lord of the Arabian Peninsula. Mahomet is one of the great teachers of the world. He taught his countrymen to believe in one all-powerful God. In his belief he led men to regard themselves as brothers and he laid down the manner in which they should worship. His religion was simple, and it soon spread throughout Arabia. Now the faith of Mahomet was a missionary faith. He was not content to teach the people of Arabia alone, he desired to appeal to the whole world, and he believed that all nations beyond Arabia should recognize the one God. Let us follow the history of Islam after the death of Mahomet in 632 A.D.

His successor, that is, the Caliph, was Abu Bekr, and in Arabia there were found a number of great men ready to go forth and conquer the world. This was the period of the first four Caliphs, which lasted from 632 to 661. To the north of Arabia lay Syria, while Persia was on the east. It is natural that Islam should begin to expand in these directions. In 634 a great victory was won at Wakuksu over a Byzantine army, and Islam became supreme in Syria. At this time the Christian Emperor in Constantinople was Heraclius, and he was forced to retire before the Moslem armies. In 635 Damascus was captured. Antioch was then taken, and in 636 Jerusalem, the holy city of Christendom, submitted to Omar, the second of the Caliphs. Later a terrible warfare was waged in the Middle Ages around Jerusalem between the Christian and the Moslem, but in 636 Omar was supreme in Syria, and in the holy

Christian city he founded the mosque which still bears his name

News of the Moslem victories in Syria spread into Persia, which prepared to face the Caliph. What actually occurred in the ensuing struggle is difficult to discover, for there is no real history to follow, but only legend. The Persians took the field under their national hero, Rustam, who was killed at the battle of Kadisiya, and his army scattered, and the Persian standard was captured by a Moslem soldier. So much at least seems certain, moreover, while the war in Persia was being carried on, the soldiers of the Caliph, leaving Palestine, advanced into Egypt. This campaign began in 640. Upper Egypt was conquered and Alexandria, next to Constantinople, the most important city in the Byzantine Empire, was besieged and captured. But "Forward" was ever the watchword of these early Moslems, and their general, Amr, marched from Egypt along the African coast as far as Tripoli.

What a wonderful story these early years of Islam contain! The Arabs had now matched themselves with Christian and Persian forces, and had been successful. In a brief lesson it is not possible to tell the whole story of the Caliphs, nor the rise of the two sects of Sunni and Shia, but some events must be mentioned here. Islam spread farther to the West, and made two serious attempts to conquer Europe. A Moslem fleet was created in 649 which captured Cyprus, and in 717 Sulaiman gathered a great force to attack Constantinople. The siege was pressed by land and sea, but the attempt failed, and so Europe on the eastern side was safe. In Spain, however, the Moslems had gained a footing, crossing the straits of Gibraltar from their



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE

African lands A great army marched from Spain into France, but at Tours it was met by the great soldier, Charles Martel, and heavily defeated in 732. Both these events are important, because they mark the first serious check in the great advance of Islam, and they made it possible for Europe to remain a Christian power.

Now the golden age of Islam was at hand. We have seen how the new faith advanced from Mecca to Damascus, and we soon find it in Bagdad, that centre of romance and art and letters throughout the middle ages. In 762 Mansur established this city. He was the grandfather of Haroun-al-Rashid, whose marvellous adventures are recorded in the *Arabian Nights*. This monarch of oriental romance reigned from 786 to 809. But he is much more than a king of fable. He was a bold leader and warred against the Byzantine empire, while his fleets were successful in the Mediterranean Sea. He died on a march against Samarkand, and the place of his burial became the site of the modern city of Meshed.

In 1097 was the first of the Crusades, that is to say, expeditions sent from Europe to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Troops were gathered from various European nations, marched into Asia by way of Constantinople, captured Antioch, and after terrible fighting reached and took the city of Jerusalem. The second Crusade was begun in 1147; but Saladin was now supreme in the Moslem world. He roused all the forces of Islam on an expedition of his own. He re-captured Jerusalem in 1187, and the third Crusade followed two years later. This was a romantic adventure on a grand scale. The knightly Richard the First of England was pitted against the great Saladin. Sir

Walter Scott has described the fighting in his novel, *The Talisman*. Jerusalem, however, was not taken, but the Christians held the coast of Palestine. Much fighting continued until the year 1244, when Jerusalem was taken finally from the Christians by the Sultan of Egypt. It remained under Moslem control until the year 1918, when the British and Indian armies entered the capital of Palestine and occupied it without a blow being struck. In 1453 Islam again revived in an attack upon the West. In this year Mahommed II besieged and stormed Constantinople, which he made the capital of the Ottoman Empire. This ancient place is now the chief city of the Turk.

What has the world received from the great Moslem power that arose in Arabia and came to rule from India to Spain? Islam at its height was a great intellectual force and brought learning to Europe in what is called the Middle Ages.

The knowledge of the Greek language and Greek literature had died down in Europe, but was kept alive in Arabia, and reached the West through translations. Mathematics, science, and medicine flourished, and brought by the Moslems to their centres of learning in Spain. Some of their names still survive in European forms. Avicenna, the prince of physicians (980-1037), studied the scientific side of Greek learning. Averroes of Cordova (1126-98) was a philosopher and a great interpreter of Aristotle. Indeed, the Moslems advanced beyond Greek medicine and surgery and performed many difficult operations. They were capable chemists, and in many of the arts they excelled. Their buildings, especially in Spain, are some of the glories of the world. In silver and gold and glass and leather they made

things of beauty, and they introduced paper into the West. In literature they excelled in narrative and fiction. In the *Arabian Nights* we find the wonderful life of Bagdad still ready to enchant us, and in these stories we can reconstruct for ourselves the great civilization which has not yet wholly passed away.

LESSON 19

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER (*cont*)

CHAPTER II

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER
THE VISIT OF THE SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND
HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE
KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

SOUTH-WEST WIND. Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more, and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand, and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city "It is a good knave's trade, we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out"

The thought was agreed to be a very good one, they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold, the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the alehouse next door So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water The mug was a very old mug to look at The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal and these wreaths descended into, and nuxed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze of the side of these eyes, and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart, but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to

the alehouse, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone, nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the sunset, and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them, and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a wavering column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "If that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again

that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la", no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up stairs, and down stairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la". All at once it struck Gluck, that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in. yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronounciative

"Hollo!" said the voice

Gluck made no answer

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river, but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old

friend of the mug, a thousand times redder, and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right, pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind

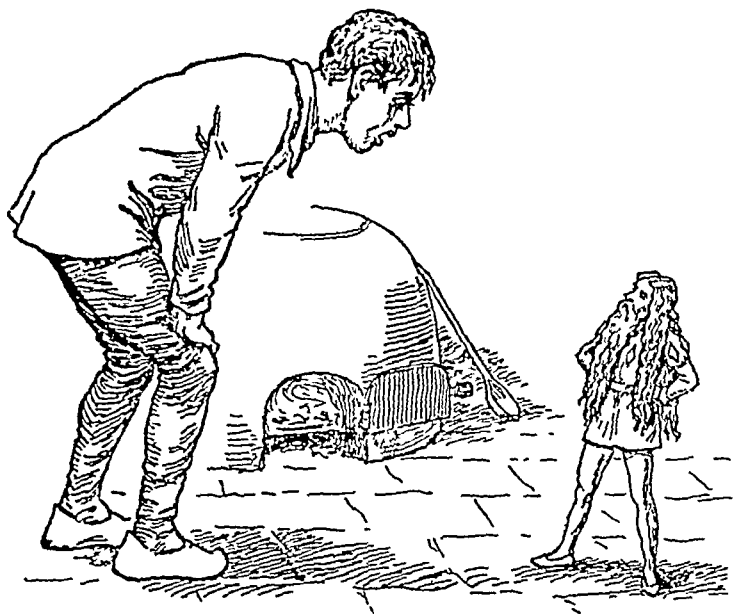
"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly
Still Gluck couldn't move

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately,
"I'm too hot"

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug, all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far around as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl, and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended, they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse,

slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.



This was certainly rather an abrupt, and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot, but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly, and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "no, it wouldn't."

And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome with amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy

“Pray, sir,” said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, “were you my mug?”

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. “I,” said the little man, “am the King of the Golden River.” Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck, and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. “I hope your Majesty is very well,” said Gluck.

“Listen!” said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. “I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you, therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt,

and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone " So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared The King of the Golden River had evaporated

" Oh ! " cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him ; " oh, dear, dear, dear me ! My mug ! my mug ! my mug ! "

LESSON 20

MAN LEARNS TO FLY (1)

For thousands of years men have looked with envy upon the birds They need not toil to reach the tops of mountains, to cross rivers or to pass over dense forests They are the kings of the air, and they can see the world below them as man cannot see it At last, however, men have learned to fly

This knowledge and this power are so far-reaching that they are likely to change the whole of human life You have perhaps heard of the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus, who was bold enough to venture across the Atlantic Ocean with a small fleet of three tiny vessels His discovery meant much for mankind, but the power to sail the seas of the world is a small thing compared with man's ability to fly above the earth, to move at large in the vast ocean of the air that surrounds our globe It is interesting to learn how this mighty

discovery has been made, and of what use it is likely to be to us all

In ordinary life, when we ride a bicycle or swim in



A BOY FLYING A KITE

water, we exercise certain powers, and control certain forces. We exercise our powers of balancing and floating; and we control two forces of Nature. The first is the force of gravity, which attracts all bodies towards the centre of the earth. When Sir Isaac Newton, in the

story saw a ripe apple fall from the tree, he saw the force of gravity at work. If a man, hoping to fly, jumped from the roof of a house, this force would pull him to the ground. The second force is that of the air itself, or of the wind. This force will tear your cap from your head, and send pieces of paper whirling about your room. This force also will help you to fly your kite.

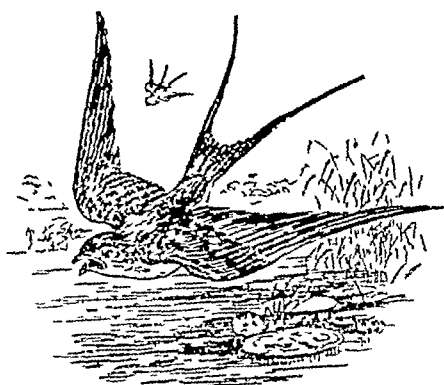
Look at the picture. A boy is flying a kite. The wind blows from the tree against the kite. The kite is heavier than the air, and, if left to itself, it would never rise and hang balanced as it does in the picture. What has happened? The boy is controlling several forces. A string passes from his hand to the kite, and the boy pulls on this string. He himself exerts a force against that of the wind, and the result is that the kite remains in the air. If the boy left the foot of the tree and ran across the fields, the kite would follow him and keep rising higher in the air. There is something more. The kite is steady. It has a perfect balance. This is due to the structure of its frame and to the long tail you see floating out behind the kite. Now remember these three things: the balance of the frame, the rushing force of the wind, and the pulling force of the string. The last two are strong enough to overcome the force of gravity that is always trying to drag the kite to the ground.

Now can we see these forces at work in the flight of a bird? Yes, we can. Look carefully at a large bird in the air. Look at a vulture, for this bird can fly splendidly. The bird is so constructed as to be able to balance in the wind. Its wings, tail and feathers are all designed to this end, and it can adjust each of these to suit the varying gusts of wind it has to face. Flying against the wind the bird produces its own forward force. This it

does by the action of the wings , and this force is similar to that produced by the boy who runs with his string attached to the kite and pulls the kite after him

If, then, we could make a machine that could produce this forward force, and that could at the same time balance itself in the air like a bird, this machine would be able to fly Such a machine has been made. It is the modern aeroplane

Many machines possess a forward force. The steam-engine and the motor-car have each this force ; but they



A BIRD IN FLIGHT.

cannot fly through the air, because, for one reason, they have no power of balancing themselves To this power the cleverest of the early inventors gave all their attention They began by learning to balance themselves in the air, and in this way the art of gliding came to be understood Gliding is the trick of balancing in the air on a very light machine that has no engine to drive it forward Gliding is to flight what floating is to swimming It is the first essential of flight , and so many clever and brave men have sacrificed themselves in the practice of this dangerous art, that we must study their work in another lesson

Meanwhile, observe the motions of your kite when you fly it . and, above all, watch the movements of birds in the air . They are superb fliers and perfect gliders

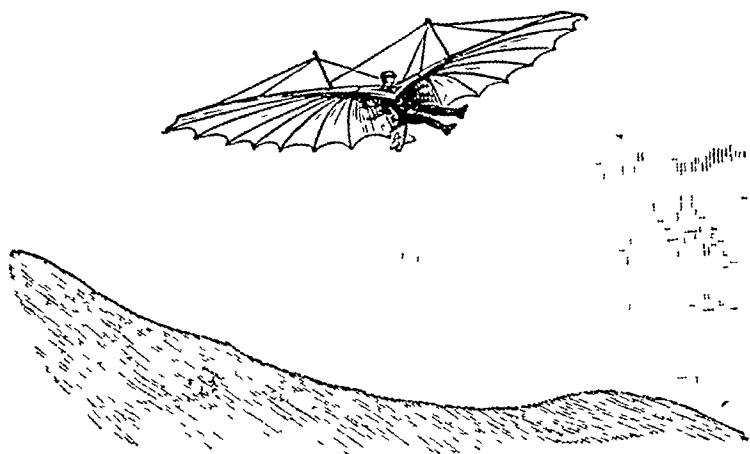
LESSON 21

MAN LEARNS TO FLY (2)

WE have seen how it is necessary to learn to float in the air, that is, to balance one's machine, before flight is possible . This fact was learned by observing the efforts of young birds to fly . Otto Lilienthal, a German engineer, tried to solve the problem of flight, and he kept many young storks in his garden under observation . He soon saw that they had to learn to use their wings and to balance in the air . There is no mystery about this . A baby must learn to use its legs in order to walk, and a man must learn to use his arms and legs in order to swim . Nature has given the birds powerful wings ; but, if we are careful observers, we soon see that the young birds have great difficulty at first in using their wings

Lilienthal began to imitate the birds . He determined to learn the trick of balancing himself in the air . He built a light machine with two wings and a tail which he himself would lift on to his shoulders . With this he continued to practise for some years, and by the year 1896 he had learned the art of balancing . He would glide from the tops of hills passing through distances of 750 feet, and alight gently and safely on the ground . In this way he was controlling two forces, the weight of his own body and the force of the wind . His name will never be forgotten in the great story of flight . and he

died a martyr to the science he loved so well. In 1896 he fell from a height of one hundred feet and was killed, but his work was done. He had taught other scientists the value of balance, and the need to learn this art before building elaborate machines. Another pioneer in the same line was Percy Pilcher, who was a lecturer in engineering in the University of Glasgow. He also learned the art of balancing in the air, and in 1899 he was killed by an accident in England.



LILIENTHAL COMBATING A WIND-GUST

The work of these two men showed that gliding was possible. They had done enough to encourage others; and two American brothers began to make experiments in flight on the lines of Lilienthal and Pilcher. These men, Wilbur and Orville Wright, won success. They were the first inventors of the flying machine, and for this reason every educated boy should know what they accomplished. The brothers were struck by the reports of Lilienthal's experiments in 1896, and, as they were bicycle manufacturers and interested in machinery, they began to study flight for themselves. They heard also

of Percy Pilcher's work and death ; and from that date, 1899, they gave their whole attention to the great problem of flying.

They began their experiments in America at a place called Kitty Hawk, in North Carolina, where the winds are both strong and steady. Here in 1902 they had constructed a machine that could balance perfectly in the air, a safe glider under complete control. Would you like to know what this machine was like ? It was very simple in construction, but it was better than anything hitherto made. There were two planes attached by uprights and slightly curved as in the drawing. In front of these was a small plane that could be raised or lowered, and so control the ascent or descent of the whole machine. At the back was a rudder, and this worked along with the larger planes which could be adjusted to suit the action of the wind's force. If you look carefully at the planes, you will see that they are in two sections. Each has a movable portion at the back, which can be raised or lowered by the operator as he adjusts his machine to the action of the wind. These portions are known as *aileron*s, a French word which means a wing. This is the famous glider of the year 1902. It was used in winds blowing at the rate of 35 miles an hour. It could be steered to left or right. Its wings could be adjusted to control the balance, and all that remained was to add the driving power of machinery. With this added force the flying machine, or aeroplane, as we know it to-day, came into existence. In our next lesson on flight, we shall see the Wright glider with a motor-engine and propeller.

LESSON 22

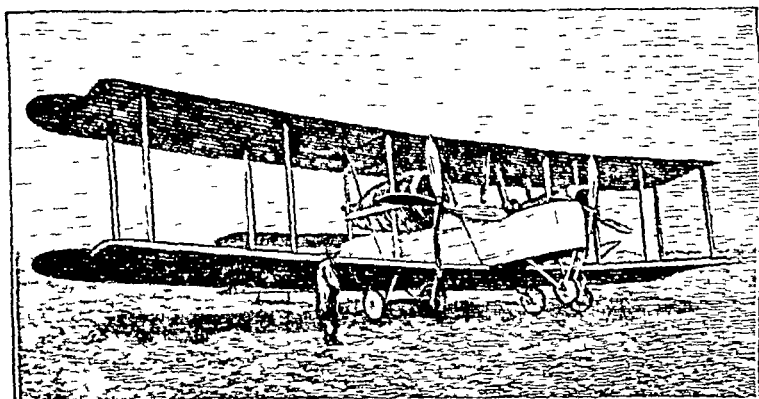
MAN LEARNS TO FLY (3)

Now do not let us exaggerate the power of the 1902 glider. A glider it was and nothing more. Its longest journey in the air was $622\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and it never remained above the earth for more than one minute. But it had solved the great problem of balance and control. In 1903 the Wright brothers added a motor of eight horse-power to their glider. This motor-engine drove a propeller placed behind the operator. In this way a forward driving force was obtained.

In December of the year 1903 they began their trials. In a high wind of about twenty miles an hour their new machine, carrying its operator, rose from the ground to a height of about ten feet. It flew in the teeth of the wind at a speed of about ten miles an hour, really 30 to 35 miles an hour, allowing for the wind. At the fourth trial it rose 852 feet above ground, and covered more than half a mile. The season was too late for further trials, but success was now assured. In 1905 the same machine travelled 24 miles in the air, remaining above ground for 38 minutes, and being completely under control. In 1908 Wilbur Wright exhibited his invention in Paris, made long flights and carried passengers.

From this date the art of flying became popular. The public eagerly awaited the feats of airmen; and when, on the 25th of July, 1909, the French inventor, Blériot, flew across the English Channel from Calais to Dover, it was clear that the conquest of the air had been completed.

It was soon seen that the new invention of the flying machine could be used in warfare. It was in 1909 that Blériot had flown across the English Channel, and in five years from this date, the greatest war in the history of the world broke out. You have all read of this dreadful event in the history of the British Empire, and no sooner was war declared than aeroplanes were in great demand. The war did at least one good thing: it encouraged and developed the art of flying. The airman in his machine, flying high above the heads of

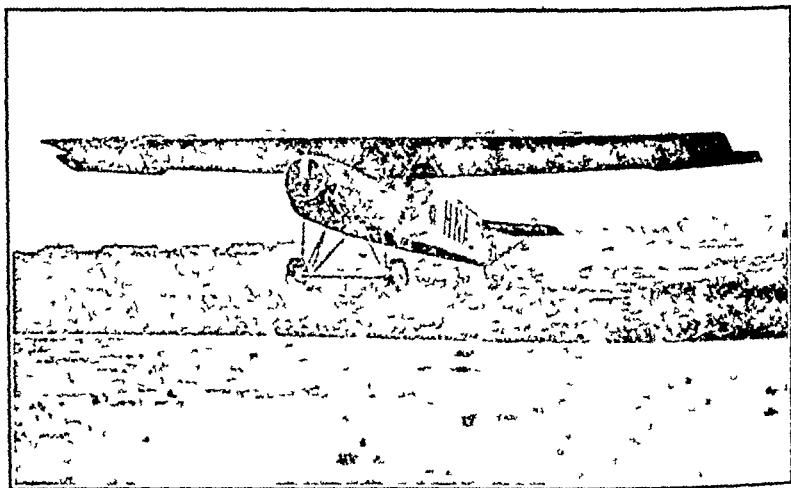


MODERN TYPE OF AEROPLANE

armies, could report the movements of hostile troops. He could make photographs of the country over which armies had to pass. He could discover the position of big guns, and he himself could be a fighter. He was soon trained to drop bombs upon fortresses, and to fire upon his enemies from the air. Various types of machines soon came into existence, and very large numbers of young men were trained more thoroughly than ever before in the difficult art of flying.

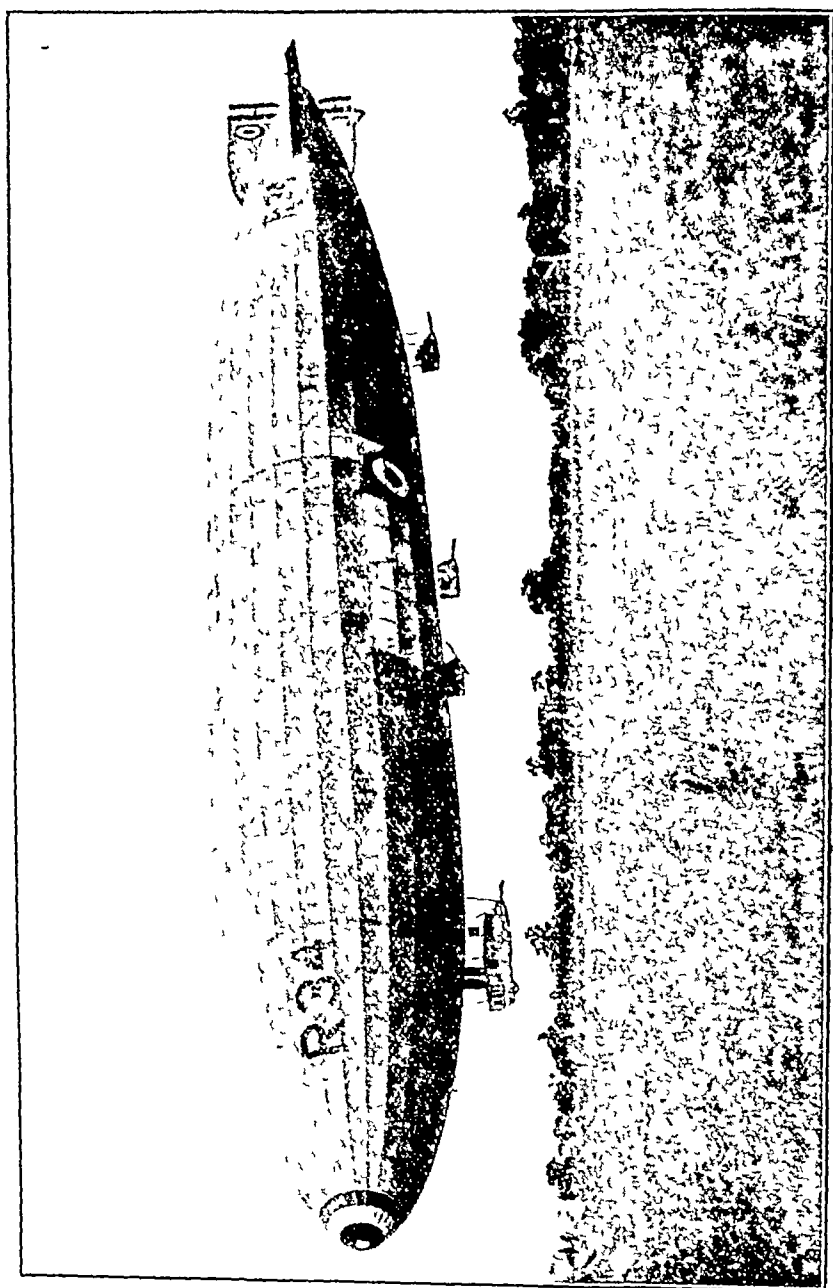
If we look at the modern type of aeroplane, we shall see that it differs considerably from that in which Blériot

flew across the English Channel, or that in which Wright made his earliest experiments. The powerful propeller is right on the nose of the machine, revolving at a tremendous rate, as if tearing a path through the air, and drawing the whole machine behind it at the speed of an express train. Here is the model of what is called a monoplane, or single-plane machine. There are two wings, as it were, but these have a single surface and are spread above the rest of the machine, and the airman can see straight downwards to earth. By an aperture



A MONOPLANE

cut in the wing they can also see above into the air, and thus be prepared against another enemy aeroplane. The engine of this monoplane is directly behind the propeller, and the body tapers gracefully away to the rudder and to the small elevating plane at the end. How wonderful a thing this is! Look at its outspread wings and slight body! It has two wheels, almost like fore-feet, which enable it to rise from the ground and to alight without shock. Is it not like some large insect built by nature



AN AIRSHIP.

herself to fly through the air ? And yet this is the creation of man himself, a creation of less than thirty years !

LESSON 23

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring ,

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red !

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning ,

Here, Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won .

Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead

WALT WHITMAN

LESSON 24

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER (*cont*)

CHAPTER III

HOW MR HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE
GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence, the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords

and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing of this, contrived to escape, and hid himself, but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans, “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage and shook the bars with all his strength, but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any

one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour, along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow, all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed, forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier,¹ of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer, yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and

¹ A field of ice

out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water, not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller, while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst, an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It

LESSON 25

LION-HUNTING IN AFRICA

(From "*The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*" by Lt Col J H.
PATTERSON, D S O . R É).

Colonel Patterson in 1898 was sent out by the British Government to what is now British East Africa, to construct a new railway, known as the Uganda Railway Tsavo is between Mombasa and Nairobi

SPOONER AND I GO HUNTING TOGETHER

LONG after I had retired to rest that night I lay awake listening to roar answering roar in every direction round our camp, and realised that we were indeed in the midst of a favourite haunt of the king of beasts. It is one thing to hear a lion in captivity, when one knows he is safe behind iron bars, but quite another to listen to him when he is ramping around in the vicinity of one's fragile tent, which with a single blow he could tear to pieces. Still all this roaring was of good omen for the next day's sport.

According to our over-night arrangement, we were up betimes in the morning, but as there was a great deal of work to be done before we could get away, it was quite midday before we made ready to start. I ought to mention before going further that as a rule Spooner declined my company on shooting trips, as he was convinced that I should come to grief sooner or later if I persisted in going after lions with a "pop-gun," as he contemptuously called my light rifle. Indeed, this was rather a point of dispute between us, he being a firm believer (and rightly) in a heavy weapon.

sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness, the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans, "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword, it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting, it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset, they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses, his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs, he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

After staring fixedly at us in an inquiring sort of way as we slowly advanced upon them, they both turned and slowly trotted off, the lion stopping every now and again to gaze round in our direction. Very imposing and majestic he looked, too, as he thus turned his great shaggy head defiantly towards us, and Spooner had to admit that it was the finest sight he had ever seen. For a while we followed them on foot, but finding at length that they were getting away from us and would soon be lost to sight over a bit of rising ground, we jumped quickly into the *tonga* and galloped round the base of the hill so as to cut off their retreat, the excitement of the rough and bumpy ride being intensified a hundredfold by the probability of our driving straight into the pair on rounding the rise. When we reached the other side, however, they were nowhere to be seen, so we drove on as hard as we could to the top, whence we caught sight of them about four hundred yards away. As there seemed to be no hope of getting nearer we decided to open fire at this range, and at the third shot the lioness tumbled over. At first I thought I had done for her, as for a few minutes she lay on the ground kicking and struggling, but in the end, although evidently badly hit, she rose to her feet and followed the lion, who had escaped unharmed, into some long grass from which we could not hope to dislodge them.

As it was now late in the afternoon, and as there seemed no possibility of inducing the lions to leave the thicket in which they had concealed themselves, we turned back towards camp, intending to come out again the next day to track the wounded lioness. I was now riding "Blazeaway" and was trotting along

for big and dangerous game, while I always did my best to defend the rifle which I was in the habit of using. On this occasion we affected a compromise for the day, I accepting the loan of his spare heavy rifle as a second gun in case I should get to close quarters. But my experience has been that it is always a very dangerous thing to rely on a borrowed gun or rifle, unless it works in precisely the same way as one's own, and certainly in this instance it almost proved disastrous.

Having thus seen to our rifles and ammunition and taken care also that some brandy was put in the tiffin basket in case of an accident, we set off early in the afternoon in Spooner's *tonga*, which is a two-wheeled cart with a hood over it. The party consisted of Spooner and myself, Spooner's Indian *shikari* Bhoota, my own gun-boy Mahina, and two other Indians, one of whom, Imam Din, rode in the *tonga*, while the other led a spare horse called "Blazeaway." Now it may seem a strange plan to go lion-hunting in a *tonga*, but there is no better way of getting about country like the Athi Plains, where—so long as it is dry—there is little or nothing to obstruct wheeled traffic. Once started, we rattled over the smooth expanse at a good rate, and at last reached the spot where I had seen the two lions on the previous day—a slight hollow, covered with long grass, but there was now no trace of them to be discovered, so we moved further on and had another good beat round. After some little time the excitement began by our spying the black-tipped ears of a lioness projecting above the grass, and the next moment a very fine lion arose from beside her and gave us a full view of his grand head and mane.

inwardly the while that he would not put his foot into a hole. When the lions saw that they were unable to overtake me, they gave up the chase and lay down again, the wounded one being about two hundred yards in front of the other. At once I pulled up too, and then went back a little way, keeping a careful eye upon them, and I continued thus riding up and down at a respectful distance until Spooner came up with the rifles, when we renewed the attack.

As a first measure I thought it advisable to disable the unhurt lion if possible, and, still using the light rifle, I got him with the second shot at a range of about three hundred yards. He seemed badly hit, for he sprang into the air and apparently fell heavily. I then exchanged my light rifle for Spooner's heavy one, and we turned our attention to the nearer lion, who all this time had been lying perfectly still, watching our movements closely, and evidently just waiting to be down upon us the moment we came within charging distance. He was never given this opportunity, however, for we did not approach nearer than ninety yards, when Spooner sat down comfortably and knocked him over quite dead with one shot, the bullet entering the left shoulder obliquely and passing through the heart.

It was now dusk, and there was no time to be lost if we meant to get the second lion as well. We therefore resumed our cautious advance, moving to the right as we went, so as to get behind us what light there was remaining. The lion of course twisted round in the grass in such a way as always to keep facing us, and looked very ferocious, so that I was convinced that unless he were entirely disabled by the first shot he would be down on us like a whirlwind. All the same,

in advance of the *tonga*, when suddenly I felt the horse trembling violently beneath me, and on looking over my left shoulder to discover the reason, I was startled to see two fine lions not more than a hundred yards away, evidently the pair which I had seen the day before and which we had really come in search of. They looked as if they meant to block our passage, for they came slowly towards me for about ten yards or so and then lay down, watching me steadily all the time. I called out to Spooner, "Here are the lions I told you about," and he whipped up the ponies and in a moment or two was beside me with the *tonga*.

By this time I had seized my rifle and dismounted, so we at once commenced a cautious advance on the crouching lions, the arrangement being that Spooner was to take the right-hand one and I the other. We had got to within sixty yards' range without incident and were just about to sit down comfortably to shoot at them, when they suddenly surprised us by turning and bolting off. I managed, however, to put a bullet into mine just as he crested a bank, and he looked very grand as he reared up against the sky and clawed the air on feeling the lead. For a second or two he gave me the impression that he was about to charge, but luckily he changed his mind and followed his companion, who had so far escaped scot free. I immediately mounted "Blazeaway" and galloped off in hot pursuit, and after about half a mile of very stiff going got up with them once more. Finding now that they could not get away, they halted, turned round and then charged down upon me, the wounded lion leading. I had left my rifle behind, so all I could do was to turn and fly as fast as "Blazeaway" could go, praying

All this, of course, happened in only a second or two. In the short instant that followed, I felt a cartridge thrust into my hand by Spooner's plucky servant, Imam Din, who had carried the spare rifle all day and who had stuck to me gallantly throughout the charge, and shoving it in, I rushed as quickly as I could to Bhoota's rescue. Meanwhile, Spooner had



“SPOONER'S PLUCKY SERVANT, IMAM DIN ”

got there before me and when I came up actually had his left hand on the lion's flank, in a vain attempt to push him off Bhoota's prostrate body and so get at the heavy rifle which the poor fellow still stoutly clutched. The lion, however, was so busily engaged mauling Bhoota's arm that he paid not the slightest attention to Spooner's efforts. Unfortunately, as he was facing straight in my direction, I had to move up in full view of him, and the moment I reached his head, he stopped chewing the arm, though still holding it in his mouth, and threw himself back on his haunches, preparing for a spring, at the same time curling back his hips and exposing

I felt confident that, even in this event, one of us would succeed in stopping him before he could do any damage, but in this I was unfortunately to prove mistaken

Eventually we managed to get within eighty yards of the enraged animal, I being about five yards to the left front of Spooner, who was followed by Bhoota at about the same distance to his right rear. By this time the lion was beside himself with fury, growling savagely and raising quite a cloud of dust by lashing his tail against the ground. It was clearly high time that we did something, so asking Spooner to fire, I dropped on one knee and waited. Nor was I kept long in suspense, for the moment Spooner's shot rang out, up jumped the lion and charged down in a bee-line for me, coming in long, low bounds at great speed. I fired the right barrel at about fifty yards, but apparently missed, the left at about half that range, still without stopping effect. I knew then that there was no time to reload, so remained kneeling, expecting him to be on me the next instant. Suddenly, just as he was within a bound of me, he made a quick turn to my right. "Good heavens," I thought, "he is going for Spooner." I was wrong in this, however, for like a flash he passed Spooner also, and with a last tremendous bound seized Bhoota by the leg and rolled over and over with him for some yards in the impetus of the rush. Finally he stood over him and tried to seize him by the throat, which the brave fellow prevented by courageously stuffing his left arm right into the great jaws. Poor Bhoota! By moving at the critical moment, he had diverted the lion's attention from me and had drawn the whole fury of the charge on to himself.

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his long teeth in a savage snarl I knew then that I had not a moment to spare, so I threw the rifle up to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. Imagine my utter despair and horror when it did not go off! "Misfire again," I thought, and my heart almost stopped beating. As I took a step backwards, I felt it was all over now, for he would never give me time to extract the cartridge and load again. Still I took another step backwards, keeping my eyes fixed on the lion's, which were blazing with rage, and in the middle of my third step, just as the brute was gathering himself for his spring, it suddenly struck me that in my haste and excitement, I had forgotten that I was using a borrowed rifle and had not pulled back the hammer (my own was hammerless). To do this and put a bullet through the lion's brain was then the work of a moment, and he fell dead instantly right on the top of Bhoota.

We did not lose a moment in rolling his great carcase off Bhoota's body and quickly forced open the jaws so as to disengage the mangled arm, which still remained in his mouth. By this time the poor *shikari* was in a fainting condition, and we flew to the *tonga* for the brandy flask which we had so fortunately brought with us. On making a rough examination of the wounded man, we found that his left arm and right leg were both frightfully mauled, the latter being broken as well. He was lifted tenderly into the *tonga*—how thankful we now were to have it with us!—and Spooner at once set off with him to camp and the doctor.

Before following them home I made a hasty examination of the dead lion and found him to be a very good specimen in every way. I was particularly

satisfied to see that one of the two shots I had fired as he charged down upon me had taken effect. The bullet had entered below the right eye, and only just missed the brain. Unfortunately it was a steel one which Spooner had brought in his ammunition bag by mistake. still one would have thought that a shot of this kind, even with a hard bullet, would at least have checked the lion for the moment. As a matter of fact, however, it went clean through him without having the slightest stopping effect. My last bullet, which was of soft lead, had entered close to the right eye and embedded itself in the brain. By this time it had grown almost dark, so I left the two dead lions where they lay and rode for camp, which I was lucky enough to reach without further adventure. I may mention here that early next morning two other lions were found devouring the one we had first shot, but they had not had time to do much damage, and the head, which I have had mounted, makes a very fine trophy indeed. The lion that mauled Bhoota was untouched.

On my arrival in camp I found that everything that was possible was being done for poor Bhoota by Dr. McCulloch, who was luckily on the spot. His wounds had been skilfully dressed, the broken leg put in splints, and under the influence of a soothing draught the poor fellow was soon sleeping peacefully. At first we had great hope of saving both life and limb, and certainly for some days he seemed to be getting on as well as could be expected. The wounds, however, were very bad ones, especially those on the leg, where the long teeth had met through and through the flesh, leaving over a dozen deep marks, the arm, though dreadfully mauled, soon healed. It was wonderful to notice how

cheerfully the old *shikari* bore it all, and a pleasure to listen to his tale of how he would have his revenge on the whole tribe of lions as soon as he was able to get about again. But alas, his *shikar* was over. The leg got rapidly worse, and eventually it had to be amputated half-way up the thigh.

Dr Winston Waters performed the operation most skilfully, and curiously enough the operating table was sheltered by the skin of the lion which had been responsible for the injury. Bhoota made a good recovery from the operation, but seemed to lose heart when he found that he had only one leg left, as according to his ideas he had now but a poor chance of being allowed to enter Heaven. We did all that was possible for him, and Spooner especially could not have looked after a brother more tenderly, but to our great sorrow he sank gradually, and died on July 19.

The hunt which had such a disastrous end proved to be the last occasion on which I met a lion in the open, as we got out of the hunting country shortly afterwards and for the rest of my stay in East Africa I had too much work to do to be able to go any distance in search of big game.

LESSON 26

WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE

You have already read of the telegraph and the telephone. By the first we can send messages by electricity along specially prepared wires, short messages which are written down and delivered like letters. By the second we can speak to our friends who may be many miles away. They can hear our voice and recognise its tone, speaking to us in return.

These are only a few of the wonders of our modern life. There are many others which clever, patient students and inventors have discovered and put at our disposal for amusement and instruction. Of these inventors, one of the greatest is Thomas Alva Edison, an American, who was born in 1847. He devoted himself to the study of electricity, and made perfect the telegraph system. At first it was necessary to use one wire for one telegraphic message, but after some experiments Edison made it possible to send at least six messages along a single wire. Thus the cost of the telegraph was greatly reduced, and it soon became one of the most useful friends of the business man.

One day he was experimenting with the telephone which, as you know, can receive the impression of the human voice and reproduce it at a distance. The idea occurred to him that if he could have the impression of the voice properly recorded it might be reproduced in the same way as the voice of a man speaking or singing. He worked out this idea, and invented the instrument now known as the gramophone or sound-writer. If a

singer or speaker sings or speaks into this instrument, the sounds of his voice are carefully recorded by the vibrations of a needle working on a prepared surface. These records may then be kept for years, and perhaps long after the singer or speaker is dead the gramophone will reproduce the exact sounds of his song or speech.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

One of the most popular and interesting of Edison's inventions had to do with photography. He saw that if photographs could be taken quickly enough, pictures of moving objects might be prepared, and the whole action be reproduced on a screen, as in real life. He worked hard at this idea, and at last he was able to take forty-six separate and distinct photographs in the brief space of a second. In other words, his instrument had done for action almost exactly what the gramophone

had done for sound. The result is the cinematograph or the motion-writer, one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the world. This machine reproduces on a screen a series of instantaneous photographs in succession, thus giving the effect of motion. All Indian boys who live in big cities like Bombay or Madras or Calcutta have seen the cinematograph.

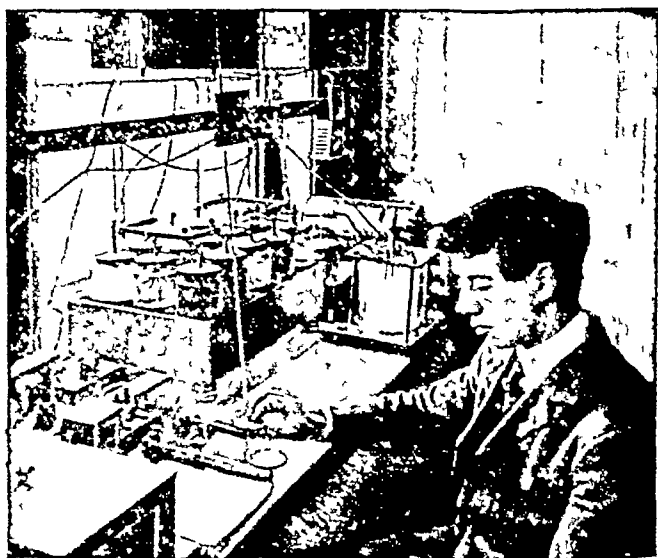


GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

These are all wonderful things, and they bring us much pleasure and instruction, but perhaps the most wonderful of all is the invention of what is called *Wireless Telegraphy*. This is so wonderful as to recall the realm of fairyland and the marvels of the *Arabian Nights*. Think of a ship at sea. Could anything be more lonely and isolated than a steamer in mid-ocean? Yet, to-day, a vessel many hundreds of miles from land can speak to almost any seaport it pleases, and can send messages

to other vessels hundreds of miles distant. This is something in the nature of a miracle, and we must try to understand how this miracle has been accomplished.

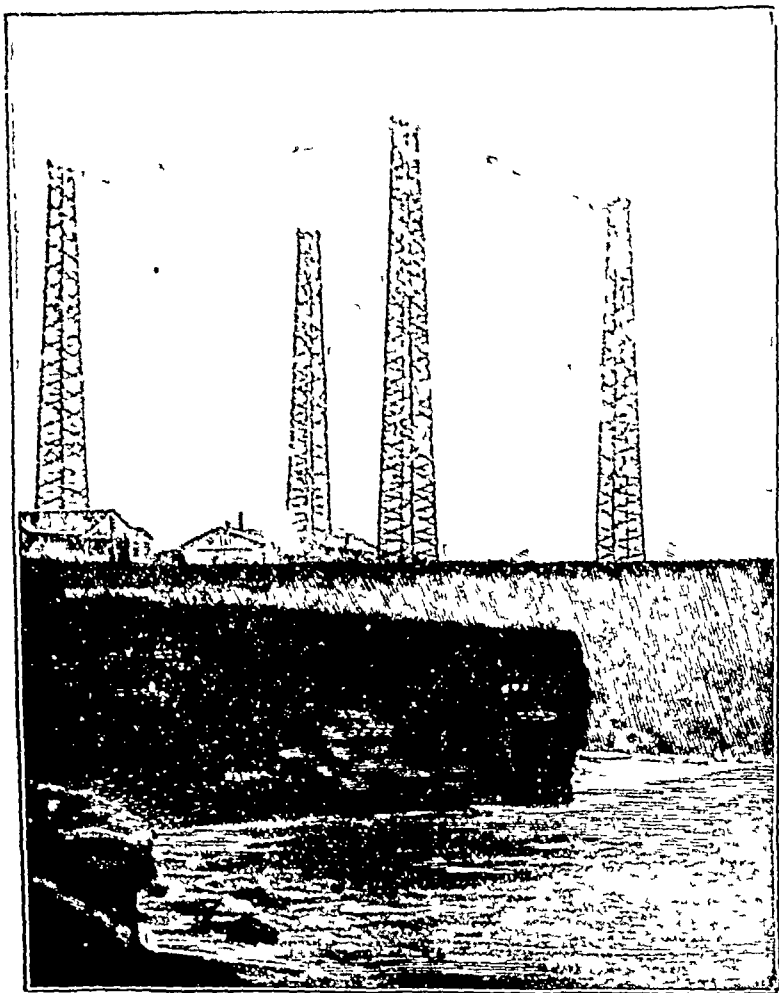
The inventor of wireless telegraphy is Guglielmo Marconi. He was born in 1874. As his name shows, he is an Italian by birth, but his mother was English. From his childhood he was of an inventive and enquiring



A WIRELESS OPERATOR

turn of mind, and when he was little more than a boy he began to study the work of his famous predecessor in America, the inventor Edison. About this time the most capable scientists were busy with the study of light. Light, it has been proved, was produced by the motion of waves in ether, a substance that pervades all space but is so thin and fine that its existence can scarcely be proved. Through the medium of ether the sun is able to light our world, and in this medium it was proved

that electric waves could be produced, and that these waves had the same great speed as light Here was



A WIRELESS STATION.

something to give food for thought Our ears can catch the waves of sound that pass through the air, and our eyes are affected by the waves of light in the

ether What if an instrument could be made to receive the electric waves of the ether ? In 1888 such an instrument was made

Now the young Marconi determined to send electric waves through the ether in such a way as to give definite signals In other words he meant to telegraph through the air without wires, controlling his electric waves and allowing them to be read by a second receiving instrument He used the ordinary Morse Code of signals and for short distances he was successful After many experiments, he managed to send wireless messages as far as eighteen miles This was a great advance on any previous discovery, but it was only the beginning

As you know, it is possible to telegraph right across the oceans of the world by means of cables On the bed of the Atlantic there are enormous telegraph wires, or cables, along which the electric currents pass and convey messages from London to New York and other great cities Without any cable Marconi contrived to send his messages across this vast ocean He began by carefully preparing his instruments The transmitter was so made as to send out a certain number of beats per second, that is, it was *tuned* to a certain system ; and the receiving instrument was so *tuned* as to be able to catch that particular kind of electric wave and no other Now electric waves travel as fast as light, that is, at the rate of 185,000 miles per second A signal sent from the English coast is heard on the American coast as soon as it was despatched Marconi had a station built in Cornwall and another in Newfoundland He himself waited at the latter, having arranged for signals to be sent on a certain day and at a fixed hour from the former Sure enough the system proved true The

signal came and was read, and the great invention of *Wireless Telegraphy* was practically complete

The whole world was now startled. It was felt that a great advance had been made in human progress, and that man's comfort and safety in travel had been enormously helped. What can this invention not do? A ship in distress can send out her calls for help to other ships. An explorer by land or sea can keep in touch with his friends, and if necessary secure assistance. Any part of the world can be brought into contact with any other part, and if necessary on great occasions a message might be sent at one and the same time to every part of our Empire. This invention is likely to affect the daily life and amusement of us all. It is now possible, for example, to hear by wireless telegraphy the speech of a great orator or the music of a great orchestra. But its chief value lies in its powers to lessen human toil and suffering, and this power Guglielmo Marconi would consider his best reward.

LESSON 27

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER (*cont.*)

CHAPTER IV

HOW MR SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO
THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED
THEREIN

POOR little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house, for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison, all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money, so Gluck went, and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together, to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water

very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright. There was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West, and, when he climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the colour of blood, had come over the sun, and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its

arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure, yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back, but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why, but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood, and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire, and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION
TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED
THEREIN WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two Gluck grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But

the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer, and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again, and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him, and he thought of the

dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt", and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck-stopped again "Poor beastie" said Gluck. "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it" Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eyes turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it "Confound the King, and his gold too," said Gluck, and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden, its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling, in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River

"Thank you," said the monarch, "but don't be frightened, it's all right", for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too"

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church-font"

"Very probably," replied the dwarf, "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven, and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses"

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed!"

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air, the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley, and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly

along the river-sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset and these stones are still called by the people of the valley.

THE BLACK BROTHERS

JOHN RUSKIN

LESSON 28

THE WANDERERS

Browning, in this poem, teaches that the real value of work lies not so much in its results, as in the doing of it. Work for work's sake, is valuable, as he says elsewhere, "All service counts the same with God."

OVER the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—
A gallant armament
Each bark built out of a forest-tree
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nail'd all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game,
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view
But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning droop'd the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor star-shine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement
When the sun dawn'd, O, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar,
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,

We sang together on the wide sea,
 Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
 Each sail was loosed to the wind so free
 Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
 And in a sleep as calm as death,
 We, the voyagers from afar.

Lay stretch'd along, each weary crew
 In a circle round its wondrous tent
 Whence gleam'd soft light and curl'd rich scent,
 And with light and perfume music too
 So the stars wheel'd round, and the darkness past,
 And at morn we started beside the mast,
 And still each ship was sailing fast !

Now, one morn land appear'd—a speck
 Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky—
 “ Avoid it,” cried our pilot, “ check
 The shout, restrain the eager eye ! ”
 But the heaving sea was black behind
 For many a night and many a day,
 And land, though but a rock, drew nigh
 So we broke the cedar pales away.
 Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
 And a statue bright was on every deck !
 We shouted, every man of us,
 And steer'd right into the harbour thus,
 With pomp and pæan glorious

A hundred shapes of lucid stone !
 All day we built its shrine for each,
 A shrine of rock for every one,
 Nor paused till in the westering sun
 We sat together on the beach
 To sing because our task was done ,

When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !
 What laughter all the distance stirs !
 A loaded raft with happy throngs
 Of gentle islanders !
 " Our isles are just at hand," they cried,
 " Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping ;
 Our temple-gates are open'd wide,
 Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
 For these majestic forms "—they cried
 O, then we awoke with sudden start
 From our deep dream, and knew, too late,
 How bare the rock, how desolate,
 Which had received our precious freight
 Yet we call'd out—" Depart !
 Our gifts, once given, must here abide
 Our work is done , we have no heart
 'To mar our work,"—we cried

ROBERT BROWNING

LESSON 29

OF COWS AND OXEN

(From "*Beast and Man in India*," BY JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING)

It is with the cattle as with the people of India, the more you learn about them the more you find to interest you. But in regard to the cow and the ox one's admiration is unstinted, nor need it be qualified by hesitation and reserve. To the stranger the great variety of breeds and their adaptation to a wide range of needs and conditions are not at first apparent. He sees an ox and another ox as he sees a native and another native, without noticing that they belong to distinct families.

All Indian oxen can be trained to trot. The sloping quarter and straight hock may possibly count for something in their more horse-like gait. Between these two extremes are breeds of every possible size, adapted for many uses. An old Anglo-Indian can scarcely be trusted to recall the freshness of first impressions, but that one of the first things to strike a stranger is the hurrying ox was proved by a distinguished English tourist, who told me of the interest and amusement he



COMPARATIVE SIZES OF THE LARGEST AND SMALLEST
BREEDS OF INDIAN OXEN

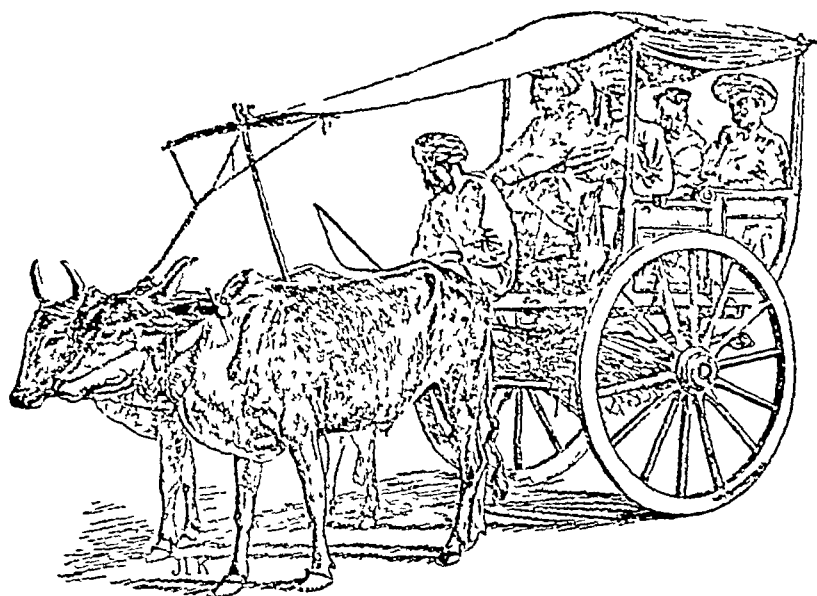
found in the traffic of Bombay streets, especially in the *velha*, a small hack carriage here sketched. The neatness of this vehicle, its sensible canopy to protect the backs of the cattle from the sun, its low fares, its speed and the continual cry of the driver, impressed my friend so much that he was inclined to describe it as the Hindu hansom. So it is,—in usage, but it is really of Portuguese descent, for the Hindu, left to himself, never dreamed of springs. Nor is it the only good thing that Western India owes to the Portuguese.

āth or canopied ox-cart, the wagons of the Government commissariat and of the various Government baggage services. On the wide alluvial plains, where the people are thickly planted, a small, slender, and colourless cow seems to be the usual poor man's animal. The well-to-do keep breeds with foreign names and of stouter build. On the great basin of volcanic trap or basalt, which includes much of Western India, the cattle are more square in shape, large in bone, and varied in colour.

The richer pastures and cold winters of Kashmir and the hill country near develop a sturdy, square-headed, short-legged race with a coarse coat like that of the English cow. In the Himālaya, where the grass is deficient in nourishing power, there are breeds of tiny, neatly formed animals with coats that look like black or brown cotton velvet. These pasture on the mountain-side, climbing almost as cleverly as goats, and their grazing paths, trodden for centuries, have covered leagues of steep slope with a scale-work pattern of wonderful regularity when seen from far. Cattle are sent to the uplands to graze in the hot weather and some good sorts are systematically bred in the inter-India hills, but the beast at its best is a true Hindu of the hot plains. The "green country" in the Punjab, the Kistna river in the south, and those gardens of India, Oudh and Guzerat, produce the finest breeds.

I have sketched a diagram which shows roughly the range of size. Still larger beasts than the largest shown occur at times. The smallest represents a miniature race, not much bigger than Newfoundland dogs, but exquisitely finished in every detail of ox form and full of life and spirit. When harnessed to vehicles of a suitable size these tiny creatures trot at a great pace.

doubly applicable to European amateurs To be fair, the Indian animal is naturally inoffensive, and always gives warning of irritation by a peculiar hissing snort I once afforded some amusement to a group of friends by disregarding this sound We were on a walking trip at the foot of the Western Ghats, and inquired the way up the Bhau Mullen hill from a boy in charge of a



THE BOMBAY REKLA

string of empty pack oxen While talking to him I noticed he was in difficulties with his leading beast, a little black bull with villainously sharp horns, who hissed like a wild cat and presently broke away and came at me with head down I presented my open white umbrella and dodged aside, but the creature still came on, so I jumped one of the high-banked dykes of the dry rice-fields, among which we were walking, but he

the cork is drawn, the wine must be drunk " is, " Milk once drawn from the dug never goes back " A relic of the Vedic times lingers in the name *Kamdharn* applied to cows that are exceptionally good milkers *Kamdhenu* was the wondrously productive cow of Indra that granted all desires

There is propriety and sense in the sort of reverence that the poor of most countries pay to God's gifts of food Milk has a large share of this wholesome elemental respect in India " When a cow or buffalo is first bought," writes Mr Denzil Ibbetson, " or when she first gives milk after calving, the first five streams are allowed to fall on the ground in honour of the Earth-mother, or goddess,"—a widely worshipped deity,—“ and at every time of milking the first stream is so treated ” The last is a custom, however, as much honoured in the breach as in the observance Hindus of the old school complain of the decay under our educational system of pious household ritual and beliefs Among these is a rustic observance of bread breaking The first piece is for the cow, the second for the dog, and the third for the crow The cow's piece must not be bitten or mangled, but the dog and the crow are expected to take what they can get with gratitude Regret for the old order as it changes is natural enough, but with the harmless and the good some evil is also passing away , for God fulfils himself in many ways

Ghi, which is butter boiled to make it keep, is no less esteemed than milk, and stands figuratively as it serves in fact, for richness and well-being. Where we should say that a man lives in clover, they say, " He has five fingers in the ghi " Usually by frugal people one or two fingers only are put into the pot Another saying

is "A straight finger extracts no ghee," i.e. one must go judiciously (or crookedly) to work in order to get anything worth having. A precarious livelihood is expressed by "Sometimes a handful of ghee and sometimes a mouthful of lentils." The French gibe at England,—"a hundred religions and only one sauce,"—(melted butter) may be warrantable, but it is mere everyday fact in India, where the food would be but sorry and innutritious fare without the mercy of ghee. The prosperity of a man is often gauged by his indulgence in ghee, which has an infallible effect on the figure. Vegetarian Hindus have a natural tendency to eat too much, and a gaunt cultivator will point to a fat and prosperous tradesman as a ghee-fed bullock. It will be observed that the hand is always spoken of, and in fact the hand is always used. A Sikh peasant making you welcome, will bring a bowl of milk, strongly impregnated with the wood smoke with which milk vessels are purified, and, after he has put in some sugar, will stir it with his fingers in the most friendly way. One of the many compromises with the ordinances of caste, that make things pure or impure, is their relaxation with reference to sweetmeats compounded of sugar and ghee, an important part of the food of the people. The confectioner is a man of no very exalted caste, but all may eat from his hand. He abuses this privilege of reputed purity, and is in fact more dirty in his person and more thoroughly saturated with the grease he handles than there is any occasion for. One agent in the vast battery of elements that produces the characteristic Indian odour of Indian cities and crowds is the use of ghee as hair oil and as a lubricant for the skin after bathing. In the south oil is much used for these

purposes, but in most regions għī is popular, nor is it unwholesome except to the alien nose

Wealth may be no longer expressed in terms of the cow, but the possession of cows is accepted as a sign of being well-to-do. So the freedom from care which is one of the alleviations of poverty, is stated in, "He sleeps well who has neither cow nor calf." Where we should say "The early bird catches the worm," the Indian rustic says "Who sleeps late gets the bull-calf, he who rises early the cow-calf,"—which is more valuable. The saying indicates the division of property among members of a family living together. An early rising brother or cousin could change his bull for the cow-calf of his lazy relative who ought to have been on the spot to look after it, or a knavish neighbour might surreptitiously swap the new births.

LESSON 30

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

(From *Gulliver's Travels*)

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas, let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of thirty degrees two minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food, the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of Novem-

ber, which was the beginning of summer in those parts. the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship, but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and split Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was over-set by a sudden flurry from the north What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by the wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom, but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants, at least, I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight I attempted to rise, but

was not able to stir, for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright, and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hegkrah degul*. The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground—for by lifting it to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me. At the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the

left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them. whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*, when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles, and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides. but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself, and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows. but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased. and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it, from whence one of them, who seemed to be

a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger, the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness, and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there

was the flesh of several animals, but I could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught—which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them (for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour) soon drove out

these imaginations Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty His excellency having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body to signify that I desired my liberty It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all

in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hugo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right side. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours as I was afterwards assured, and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined, in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the

first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied , after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing It was brought parallel to me as I lay But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body and my legs Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles , and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast All this I was told , for while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused

into my liquor Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked



by a very ridiculous accident, for, the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the

sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently, whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night, with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground. Into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret, at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an oppor



tunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand,

and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body, by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it, upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me, whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chain that held my left leg was about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

JONATHAN SWIFT

LESSON 31

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children let us away ,
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay ,
Now the great winds shoreward blow ,
Now the salt tides seaward flow ,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know

“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ,
Children’s voices, wild with pain
Surely she will come again
Call her once and come away

This way, this way !
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay ”
The wild white horses foam and fret
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down
Call no more
One last look at the white-wall’d town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore.

Then come down

She will not come though you call all day

Come away, come away

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell ?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep ,

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ,

Where the salt weed sways in the stream ,

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,

Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ,

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail, and bask in the brine ,

Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye ?

When did music come this way ?

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away ?

Once she sate with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,

When down swung the sound of the far-off bell

She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea

She said " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray

In the little grey church on the shore to-day

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee "
I said, " Go up, dear heart, through the waves
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan
Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes
She sate by the pillar , we saw her clear
" Margaret, hush ! come quick, we are here
Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan "
But, ah ! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book
Loud prays the priest , shut stands the door
Come away, children, call no more
Come away, come down, call no more

Down, down, down ,
Down to the depths of the sea
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully

Hark what she sings " O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun "

And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still
 She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ,
 And over the sand at the sea ,
 And her eyes are set in a stare ,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
 And the gleam of her golden hair

Come away, away, children
 Come children, come down
 The hoarse wind blows colder ,
 Lights shine in the town
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door ,
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl
 Singing, " Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she ,

And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow ,
When clear falls the moonlight ,
When spring-tides are low ,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom ,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ,
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down
Singing, " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea "

MATTHEW ARNOLD

LESSON 32

THE KING OF THE VIPERS

IN going to and from this place I frequently passed a tall, elderly individual, dressed in rather a quaint fashion, with a skin cap on his head and stout garters on his legs, on his shoulders hung a moderate sized leathern sack, he seemed fond of loitering near sunny banks, and of groping amidst furze and low scrubby bramble bushes, of which there were plenty in the neighbourhood of Norman Cross. Once I saw him standing in the middle of a dusty road, looking intently at a large mark which seemed to have been drawn across it, as if by a walking stick. "He must have been a large one," the old man muttered half to himself, "or he would not have left such a trail, I wonder if he is near, he seems to have moved this way." He then went behind some bushes which grew on the right side of the road, and appeared to be in quest of something, moving behind the bushes with his head downwards, and occasionally striking their roots with his foot. At length he exclaimed, "Here he is!" and forthwith I saw him dart amongst the bushes. There was a kind of scuffling noise, the rustling of branches, and the crackling of dry sticks. "I have him!" said the man at last, "I have got him!" and presently he made his appearance about twenty yards down the road holding a large viper in his hand. "What do you think of that, my boy?" said he, as I went up to him, "what do you think of catching such a thing as that with the naked hand?" "What do I think?" said I. "Why,

that I could do as much myself " " You do," said the man " do you ? Lord ! how the young people in these days are given to conceit . it did not use to be so in my time . when I was a child, childer knew how to behave themselves , but the childer of these days are full of conceit, full of froth, like the mouth of this viper " , and with his forefinger and thumb he squeezed a considerable quantity of foam from the jaws of the viper down upon the road " The childer of these days are a generation of—God forgive me, what was I about to say ! " said the old man , and opening his bag he thrust the reptile into it which appeared far from empty I passed on As I was returning, towards the evening, I overtook the old man who was wending in the same direction " Good-evening to you sir," said I, taking off a cap which I wore on my head " Good-evening," said the old man , and then, looking at me, " How's this ? " said he, " you ar'n't sure, the child I met in the morning ? " " Yes," said I, " I am , what makes you doubt it ? " " Why, you were then all froth and conceit," said the old man, " and now you take off your cap to me " " I beg your pardon," said I, " if I was frothy and conceited , it ill becomes a child like me to be so " " That's true, dear," said the old man , " well, as you have begged my pardon, I truly forgive you " " Thank you," said I . " have you caught any more of those things ? " " Only four or five," said the old man , " they are getting scarce, though this used to be a great neighbourhood for them " " And what do you do with them ? " said I , " do you carry them home and play with them ? " " I sometimes play with one or two that I tame," said the old man , " but I hunt them mostly for the fat which they contain, out of which I make

unguents which are good for various sore troubles, especially for the rheumatism ” “ And do you get your living by hunting these creatures ? ” I demanded. “ Not altogether,” said the old man , “ besides being a viper-hunter, I am what they call a herbalist, one who knows the virtue of particular herbs , I gather them at the proper season, to make medicines with for the sick ” “ And do you live in the neighbourhood ? ” I demanded “ You seem very fond of asking questions, child No, I do not live in this neighbourhood in particular, I travel about , I have not been in this neighbourhood till lately for some years ”

From this time the old man and myself formed an acquaintance , I often accompanied him in his wanderings about the neighbourhood, and on two or three occasions assisted him in catching the reptiles which he hunted He generally carried a viper with him which he had made quite tame, and from which he had extracted the poisonous fangs , it would dance and perform various kinds of tricks He was fond of telling me anecdotes connected with his adventures with the reptile species “ But,” said he one day, sighing, “ I must shortly give up this business, I am no longer the man I was, I am become timid, and when a person is timid in viper-hunting he had better leave off as it is quite clear his virtue is leaving him I got a fright some years ago, which I am quite sure I shall never get the better of, my hand has been shaky more or less ever since ” “ What frightened you ? ” said I “ I had better not tell you,” said the old man, “ or you may be frightened too, lose your virtue, and be no longer good for the business ” “ I don’t care,” said I , “ I don’t intend to follow the business , I dare say I shall be an officer, like my father ”

“ Well,” said the old man, “ I once saw the king of the vipers, and since then —— ” “ The king of the vipers ! ” said I, interrupting him , “ have the vipers a king ? ” “ As sure as we have,” said the old man, “ as sure as we have King George to rule over us, have these reptiles a king to rule over them ” “ And where did you see him ? ” said I “ I will tell you,” said the old man, “ though I don’t like talking about the matter. It may be about seven years ago that I happened to be far down yonder to the west, on the other side of England, nearly two hundred miles from here, following my business It was a very sultry day, I remember, and I had been out several hours catching creatures It might be about three o’clock in the afternoon, when I found myself on some heathy land near the sea, on the ridge of a hill, the side of which, nearly as far down as the sea, was heath , but on the top there was arable ground, which had been planted, and from which the harvest had been gathered—oats or barley, I know not which—but I remember that the ground was covered with stubble Well, about three o’clock, as I told you before, what with the heat of the day and from having walked about for hours in a lazy way, I felt very tired , so I determined to have a sleep, and I laid myself down, my head just on the ridge of the hill, towards the field, and my body over the side down amongst the heath , my bag, which was nearly filled with creatures, lay at a little distance from my face ; the creatures were struggling in it, I remember, and I thought to myself, how much more comfortably off I was than they , I was taking my ease on the nice open hill, cooled with the breezes, whilst they were in the nasty close bag, coiling about one another, and breaking their very hearts, all to no purpose , and I felt quite comfort-

able and happy in the thought, and little by little closed my eyes, and fell into the sweetest snooze that ever I was in in all my life , and there I lay over the hill's side, with my head half in the field, I don't know how long, all dead asleep At last it seemed to me that I heard a noise in my sleep, something like a thing moving, very faint, however, far away , then it died, and then it came again upon my ear as I slept, and now it appeared almost as if I heard crackle, crackle , then it died again, or I became yet more dead asleep than before, I know not which, but I certainly lay some time without hearing it All of a sudden I became awake, and there was I, on the ridge of the hill, with my cheek on the ground towards the stubble with a noise in my ear like that of something moving towards me, amongst the stubble of the field , well, I lay a moment or two listening to the noise, and then I became frightened, for I did not like the noise at all, it sounded so odd , so I rolled myself on my belly, and looked towards the stubble Mercy upon us ! there was a huge snake, or rather a dreadful viper, for it was all yellow and gold, moving towards me, bearing its head about a foot and a half above the ground, the dry stubble crackling beneath its outrageous belly It might be about five yards off when I first saw it, making straight towards me, child, as if it would devour me I lay quite still, for I was stupefied with horror, whilst the creature came still nearer , and now it was nearly upon me, when it suddenly drew back a little, and then—what do you think ?—it lifted its head and chest high in the air, and high over my face as I looked up, flickering at me with its tongue as if it would fly at my face Child, what I felt at that moment I can scarcely say, but it was a sufficient punishment for all the sins I ever committed , and there



THE KING OF THE VIPERS

we two were, I looking up at the viper and the viper looking down upon me, flickering at me with its tongue. It was only the kindness of God that saved me. All at once there was a loud noise, the report of a gun, for a fowler was shooting at a covey of birds, a little way off in the stubble. Whereupon the viper sunk its head, and immediately made off over the ridge of the hill, down in the direction of the sea. As it passed by me, however—and it passed close by me—it hesitated a moment, as if it was doubtful whether it should not seize me, it did not, however, but made off down the hill. It has often struck me that he was angry with me, and came upon me unawares for presuming to meddle with his people, as I have always been in the habit of doing.”

“But,” said I, “how do you know that it was the king of the vipers?”

“How do I know?” said the old man, “who else should it be? There was as much difference between it and other reptiles as between King George and other people.”

“Is King George then, different from other people?” I demanded.

“Of course,” said the old man, “I have never seen him myself, but I have heard people say that he is a ten times greater man than other folks, indeed, it stands to reason that he must be different from the rest, else people would not be so eager to see him.”

GEORGE BORROW

LESSON 33

HYMN TO GOD

(From the Persian of Ferdusi)

ALL hail to His almighty name
 Who life on man bestow'd,
 And as a guide bade reason's flame
 Illume his darken'd road

Thou, Lord of life !—Thou, Lord of space !
 From Whom all light doth flow ,
 Thou, Who hast deign'd from wond'rous grace
 Salvation's path to show

Creator of the planets bright ,
 Lord of the arch divine ,
 From Thy effulgence borrowing light,
 Sun, moon, and stars do shine

Thy name Thy shape, and Thy abode,
 To man are all unknown ,
 Betwixt frail beings and their God
 A sacred veil is thrown

For He, Who to the human eye
 A circle wide has given,
 In wisdom did it power deny
 To see the ways of Heaven

To where He sits with glory crown'd
 Not thought itself can stray ,
 Far, far beyond all earthly bound
 Dwells He Whom all obey.

Wouldst thou with potent reason's aid
Pierce through the great design ?
Say, can the wretch His breath has made,
His Maker's power define ?

Weak, erring man ! Thy duty here
Is gratitude to shew ,
The Eternal's wisdom to revere,
Nor further seek to know

SIR JOHN MALCOLM

THE present revision follows, in the main, the lines of the original series, the chief differences being as follows :

(1) An alteration in the order of the lessons, which are now arranged in an order of progressive difficulty : the omission of the harder lessons

(2) A simplification of the language, both in Prose and in Poetry.

(3) The laying of greater stress on the Linguistic aspect.

(4) The teaching of Grammar, systematically but inductively and by means of illustrative sentences. The example before the Rule. Omission of Parsing and Analysis.

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